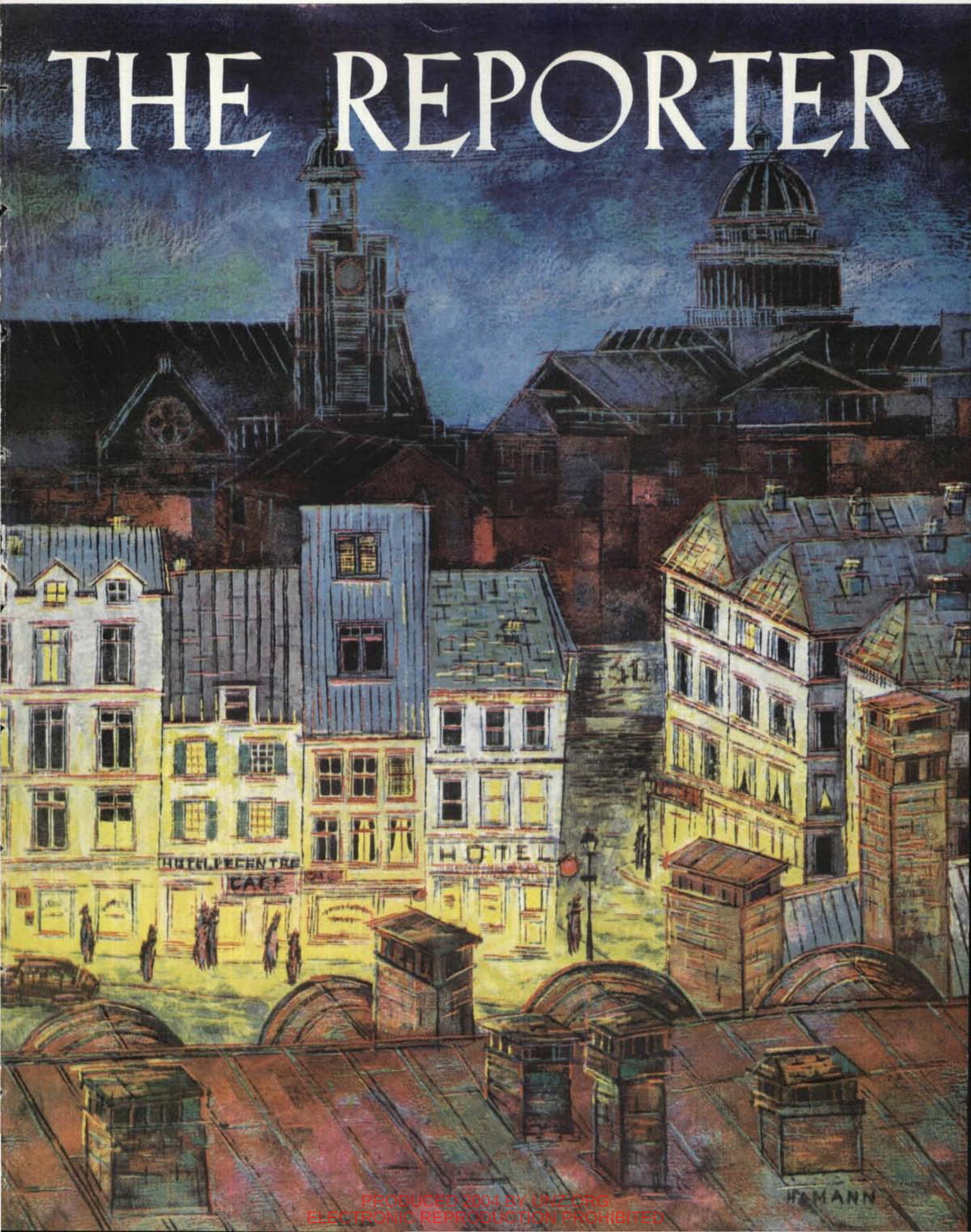
THE TALE OF TWO SNAFUS

INC January 26, 1956 25¢

How France Lost the Election (page 26)

THE REPORTER



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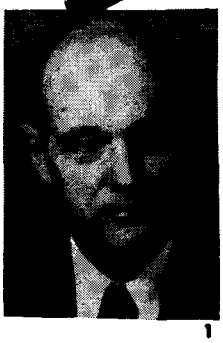
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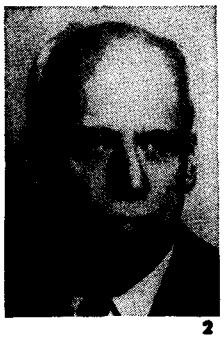
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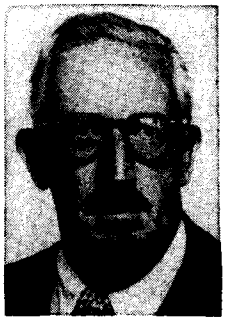
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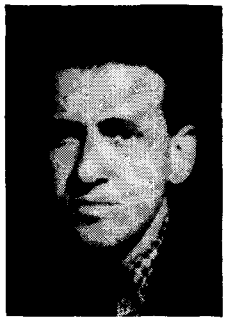
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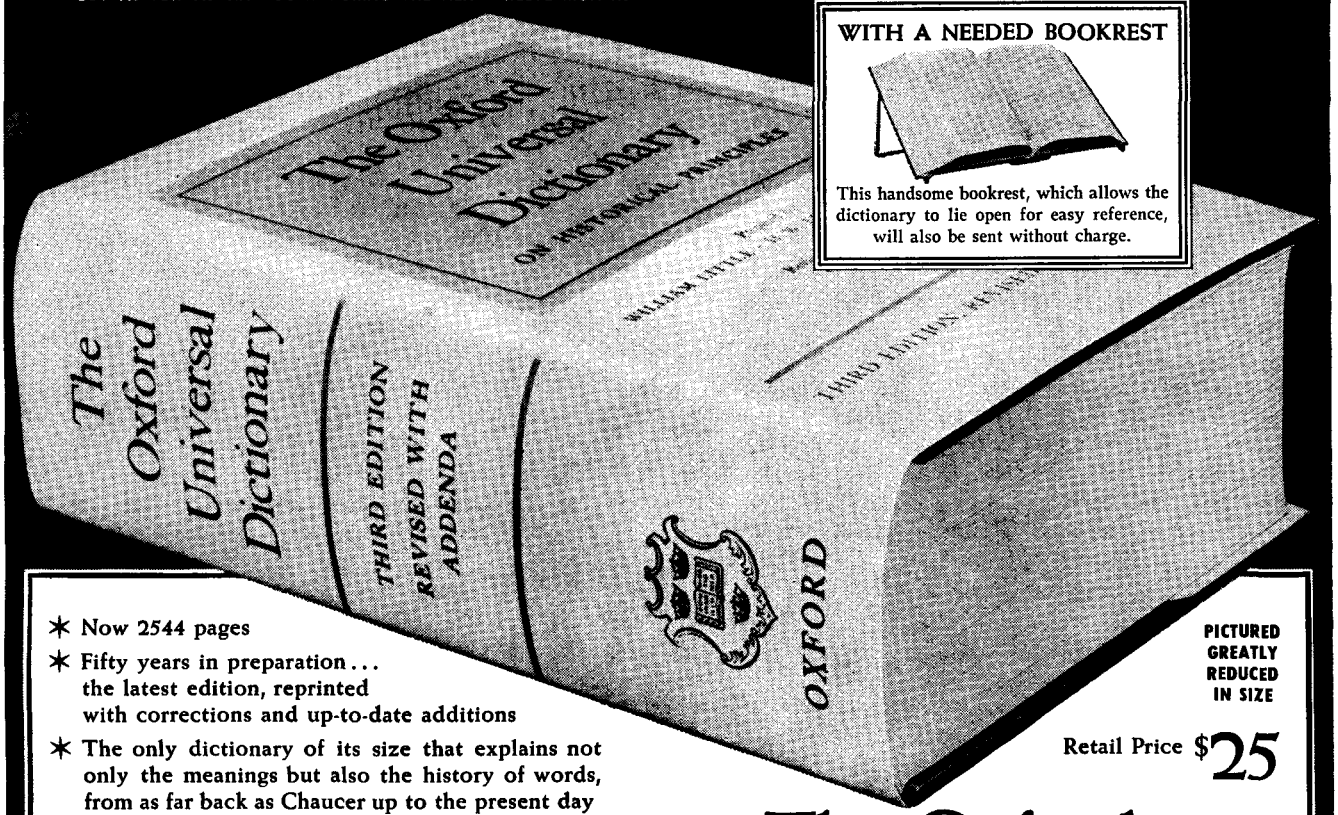

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THE REPORTER'S NOTES

The Devil and the Deep

What's so distressing about the French elections is that they presented the French people with a candid-camera likeness of their politics that is, on the whole, accurate. If anything, the newly elected National Assembly is more representative of the popular will than the previous one. For quite a while, it had been said that there was something new stirring in France. Many of us thought that it was the movement of that thoroughly dedicated, brilliant man, Pierre Mendès-France; but it turned out to be the movement of another kind of Pierre—Poujade.

We must hasten to add that this candid-camera picture is more like a rogues'-gallery photo than a portrait. In fairness to the French, we had better think of how we ourselves, the American people, would have come out if our representative institutions and political parties were similar to those of the French.

There is no reason why we should pat ourselves on the back for our superior wisdom. Rather, we should be grateful to the Founding Fathers and our politicians—dead or alive. Thanks to our Constitution and our politics, the popular will in our country goes through so many filters and processings that its end product becomes somewhat homogenized and sterilized. We living Americans cannot claim much credit for this system we have inherited, and cannot blame the French for not having one like ours. We had better think of the hate groups in our midst and figure out what would happen to us if they were not inhibited.

FRANCE now has two hate groups, one on the far Left, already established and ingrained in the political system, the other on the far Right, brand new and on the rampage. At the end of the war, Italy had a political movement strikingly similar to the Poujadists'. It became known as the Uomo Qualunque (Common Man) Party, and in the 1946 election it got more than five per cent of the seats in the Constituent Assembly. Like the Poujadist mob, it was a mad, angry revolt against politics and all parties. But fairly soon it melted away and never developed into a real neo-Fascist movement, for its nature was anti-anti-Fascist rather than neo-Fascist, and its leader as well as many of its followers had too vivid a memory of Fascism to relish a full-fledged rebirth.

In France, however, Fascism is just a name, not a memory, and the Poujadist "common men" elected to the National Assembly, like their leader who does not sit in it, are people of a coarser grain than the Italian Qualunquisti. They got eight per cent of the seats, and, moreover, they represent 11.4 per cent of the electorate. The Poujadists, like the Communists at the other extreme, stand only to gain in popular support should a coalition government be formed with the participation of all the democratic parties right and left of Center. For the division among these parties, dramatized by the conflict between Mendès-France and Faure, is so deep that any coalition designed to patch it up would lead to a do-nothing, good-for-nothing government.

Or else, as it has been widely reported, a left-of-center minority government could come to power. Such a government—if Mendès-France could count on all the Radicals whom he claims as his followers—would be supported by around 169 members of the Assembly. As the total membership is 627, a majority requires 314 votes. A Socialist-Mendès government would therefore have to rely sometimes on the other democratic parties, sometimes—and probably more frequently—on the Communists. In this case, the left-of-center government could at best achieve a sum total of about 320 votes, only a few above a bare majority.

Should a right-of-center coalition

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(to the tune of Dixie)

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There was once a country where the timber grew
So tall and straight just for me and you
Till the day—(so they say)—when McKay—gave away.

In the wild paradises whence your strength was drawn
There's fear in the heart of every fledgling and fawn
That they may—die away—when McKay—gives away.

If our natural resources are prey—are prey—
To questionable forces in the government today—
Then say—away—away with giveawaying!
Unless—some day—we give away McKay!

—SEC

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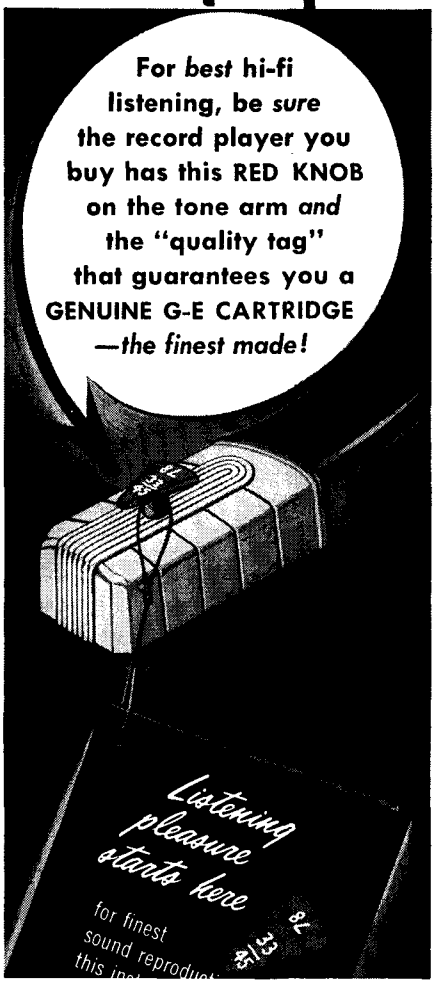
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be tried, based on Faure's Radicals, the Christian Democratic M.R.P., and the Independents, it could with luck enlist 259 Deputies. With the help of the Poujadists, it could reach a possible total of 314—exactly the required number for a majority.

The chances are that the left-of-center experiment will be tried, with Communist participation in the majority, although not on the Cabinet. Indeed, it is difficult to see how such an experiment can be avoided—and Italy too may soon be confronted with the same situation. We can already hear what democratic leaders like Mendès-France and his Socialist allies will say: that for the salvation of their country, to stop the rising popular discontent, they have no way out but to make some deal with the devil. They will lick that devil, they will say. Can't we Americans understand the risk that they—with wide-open eyes—are going to run? For run that risk they must. This they will say in all earnestness, because they are good men.

And what can we answer?

So Long, Buck

It was bad enough when they started making Westerns realistic, but now they are even going to make them wholesome. An unfortunate trend in the latter direction was already apparent in the movies when all those tenors with guitars started taking the place of solid six-gun cowboys. Now the television people have come right out and admitted what they are doing, and it sounds ominous.

A spokesman for NBC said that the "cowboy hero now meets his pals in railroad stations, post offices, or other innocent places rather than in bars or poolrooms." We can see it now: Into the old Silver Dollar Post Office, Boy Scout's pace, comes the hero without a trace of swagger. (It's very difficult to swagger in a post office.) He meets his friend over by the parcel-post window. "Well, pals, what innocent places shall we visit tonight?"

The NBC spokesman also said the new TV cowboy hero "doesn't slay the villain in a pistol duel, but merely 'wings' him, and brings him in to the formal justice of the court. Moreover, the cowboy hero now speaks the King's English and does not use bad grammar, dialect, or improper pronunciation." ("It is I!" he cried. "I shall wing you on the finger, and take you to the law court.")

The NBC man told of these high-minded improvements before a meeting in New York of a state outfit with one of those nonstop official names, The Joint Legislative Committee to Study the Publication and Dissemination of Offensive and Obscene Material. The purpose is plain enough: to keep the kiddies from imitating their cowboy heroes in what the junior Senator from Wisconsin used to call "wrongdoing."

But the old Gold Nugget Saloon, with its gunfights and swinging doors, was not a place of wrongdoing. It was not like the neon-and-darkness place that Papa goes to. Rather, it was part of the essential scenery of a romantic and fictional land which was as unreal, remote, and wonderful to the boy in Wyoming as to the boy in East Orange, New Jersey. The taciturnity and drawl of the cowboy were never the speech habits of a real world but part of a myth of the strong, lone, silent man of action, who serves the good people, licks the bad ones, has one good horse, and never is dependent on nobody. On anybody.

MAYBE we reflect that tendency of every generation to think its own childhood entertainment was innocent while it distrusts that of its own children, but we think the classic Western was a wholly different thing from the atrocious perversities of horror comic books and Mickey Spillane. In the latter, there is always a fierce enjoyment of the torture that the brutal hero metes out to the villain. Old Buck Jones or Ken Maynard never did anything like that. Sure, they knocked the outlaw

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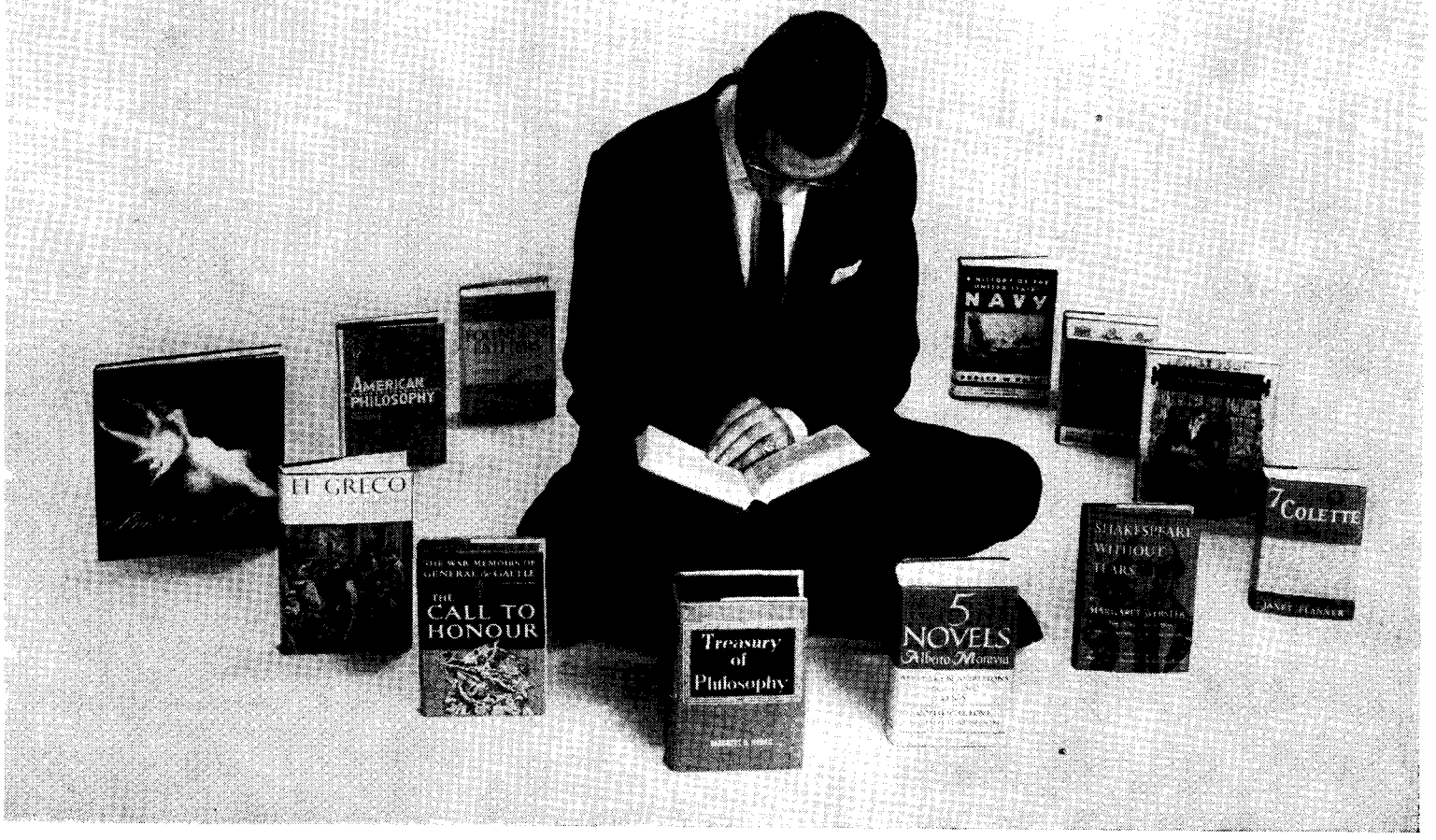

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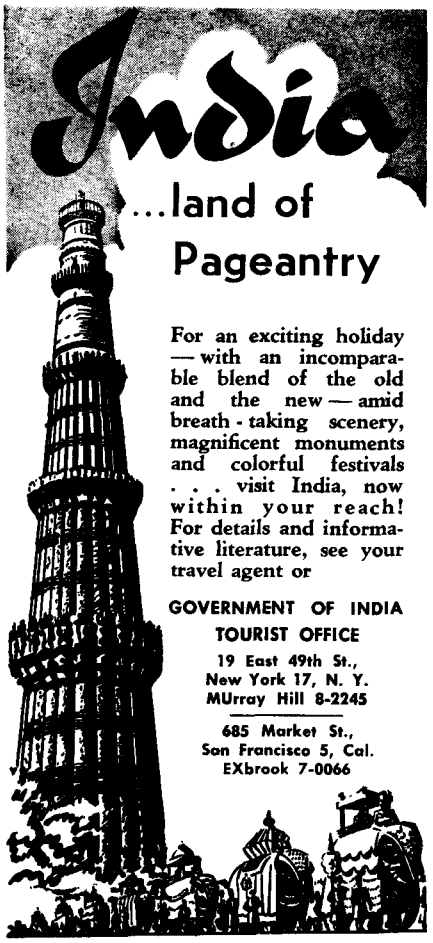
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off the cliff, but there was no hatred in it. We didn't follow his fall, and almost before he had time to reach the bottom, our hero was bidding a chaste farewell to the lovesick and somewhat incidental young female whose ranch he had saved, riding off on his faithful white horse into the sunset. Clean up the old-time Western indeed! Smile when you say that, pardner.

The Wages of Worry

One of the most poignant pictures to appear in the press recently was a studio portrait of a four-year-old gorilla named Jambo, who is causing considerable anxiety in zoodom because he has lost twenty pounds in the last month and all his appetite, for reasons yet unknown. Jambo is shown peering out from under a blanket with an expression of acute and inconsolable melancholy like that of a Democrat deprived of an issue. Experts suspect the presence of an ulcer. If they find one, it may be evidence that gorillas are as sensitive to the news as we, and that a high living standard doesn't prevent the erosions of anxiety. At least they have the sense to pull a blanket over their heads and sip milk.

Halfway to Heaven

From *Life* we, and unfortunately the whole world, have learned that Dulles's personal performance as Secretary of State is the greatest "since the great days of the Franklin-Adams-Jefferson triumvirate of the 1780s"—who were, of course, a quarrelsome triumvirate, while Dulles is One.

As the foreign minister of the world's greatest democracy, he told James Shepley of *Life* that "the ability to get to the verge [of war] without getting into the war is the necessary art."

As shown in the pages of *Life*, Dulles, though speaking boldly, manages to hedge. The man who once came out for "massive retaliation," and says now that it was our threat to use atomic weapons in the Far East that brought our enemies to some sort of terms, offers at the same time a definition of massive retaliation that is quite close to what others have called graduated deterrence, which means avoiding all-out countermeasures and restricting ourselves to making "the punishment fit the crime." In other words, he appears to be for something we might call massive graduated deterrence.

What surprises us most is the claims Mr. Dulles failed to make. He did not say, as the State Department did last year when Chancellor Adenauer returned from his disastrous mission to Moscow, that this too was a victory for western policy as engineered in part by Dulles. Nor did he say that the Kremlin's new aggressiveness in the field of economic and technical assistance was due to the success of his policies aimed at having the Russians spend and spend until they go broke. In fact, we notice that Mr. Shepley even refrained from establishing any correlation between Dulles's successful policies and Stalin's death.

All these omissions leave us somewhat puzzled, since Mr. Shepley has an established reputation as an imaginative historian. He is the co-author of a book published in 1954 under the title *The Hydrogen Bomb*, which was described by the former Chairman of the Atomic Energy Commission, Gordon Dean, as "a horrifying combination of little knowledge, outright untruths, and questionable motives." To this Dr. Henry De W. Smyth, former senior member of the Commission, added that it contained "gross distortion and many errors."

Mr. Shepley pointed out that Mr. Dulles has traveled exactly 226,645 miles on missions abroad, almost all of them by air. He has recrossed almost every ocean and continent and stayed up in high altitudes for days. Aloft in that DC-6, he has time to think out more of his world-saving moves without interruption from phones, officials, and visitors.

We must admit we have never had a Secretary of State like this—not earth-bound or, considering the repercussions the Shepley article has had, fact-bound. It's certainly a great privilege, but we can't help feeling with some relief that the course of our diplomacy will be even more successful—though not so lavishly and imaginatively reported in *Life*—when Mr. Dulles, enjoying a well-deserved rest, will become Duck Island-bound.

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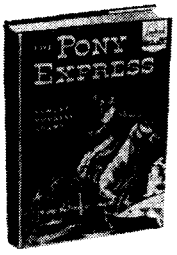

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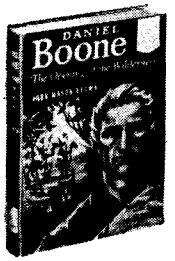

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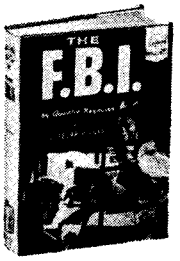

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CORRESPONDENCE

STEVENSON

To the Editor: It is most difficult for me to explain the feeling I get when *The Reporter* appears in my mail slot. It's sort of "At last some clear and level-headed reporting of news—some objectivity—an escape from the Madison Avenue adjectives that so coat the news in our daily papers and periodicals." There is no end to our gratitude.

What prompts this fan letter is to thank you for your thoughtful open letter to Governor Stevenson (*The Reporter*, December 29). The points covered are the very things that have been worrying us considerably of late—worrying us enough to write to Governor Stevenson himself. We are among the many who were captured by Stevenson in 1952 and are not a little disturbed by what faces him in 1956—a blossoming political free-for-all. Let us who admire him hope that he will not be torn apart by the very people trying to help him, and that his own very exceptional talents will guide him.

MRS. CARL E. EADY
Towson, Maryland

To the Editor: In reply to your editorial, "Dear Governor Stevenson," I say, ah, ye of little faith! Let us have confidence in Adlai Stevenson, let us believe in and trust him. Not fanatically or blindly, but from past performances. Remember his vivid speech tearing McCarthy to shreds when all Republicans and most Democrats were silent? That was the beginning of the end for Joe, and think how much worse our foreign alliances would be with him on the rampage. Remember Stevenson's speech on the Chinese offshore islands and how it cooled off a red-hot situation? Remember how Adlai went into Texas and told the billionaires he was against giving them the underseas oil wealth?

This is a man of vast intelligence, of guts, of humaneness, of vision. He will not let us down. He knows full well how the Kremlin has outwitted and outthought the unimaginative, retaliatory Dulles, and he will come up with ideas to counter the Russian Bear. Soon, you will see, he will talk sense not alone to the American people but to all the people of the free world.

I am for Adlai Stevenson, now and all the way.

ALLEN KLEIN
Mount Vernon, New York

To the Editor: I think you have done us a service in your letter to Governor Stevenson. As one of those who went through the same torment in 1952 which you described and came finally to the same torn decision in the closing weeks of the campaign, I differ only in that I have remained, and unless forced to another ordeal of heart and head expect to remain, committed to Mr. Stevenson. But I think wholeheartedly that nearly every word of your editorial needed badly to be said. We respect the professional and the transition to that status; any other course would have been arrested development. But some men, not necessarily in relation to their wisdom or foolishness, don't entirely fit such a cast and can only do violence to themselves if they strain too hard at the contours. The amateurs and independents who were won once still want a part of their man. With *all* the bumps kneaded out and all the cowlicks smoothed, he won't be the guy what brung us.

The farm issue is a thorn, and there are some of us who think it might have been better to have been impaled upon it. Taxes are a thorn and we'd jolly well better take it where it hurts, without compromise. But those are as thorns to spears before the world which darkens around us. In 1952 Governor Stevenson was forced to take the defensive, to deal with the past; that he was able, even so doing, also to stir our vision was remarkable; but he is in no such strictures now. The past and its lessons are vital, but we don't want to leave our future there. Win or lose, those of us who support him want him now to lead on, and let him throw his beams as high as he has the power. I don't think they'll go over our heads, and if they should, so much the better. That's what leaders are for, to make us reach a little, and we don't expect to be found wanting.

EVELYN HOUSTON
Alhambra, California

DEBASED VALUES

To the Editor: It is good to see an American journal thinking and speaking out as *The Reporter* does in "Christianity with Scope" (*The Reporter's* "Notes," January 12, 1956).

What you do is to identify the accelerating tendency to lower the profile of man's great values to the contours of our current American modes of action. Business is engaged in identifying human "welfare" with the possession of more and more miscellaneous material goods. The State Department insists that "democracy" is and must be only what the United States is. The auto industry captures man's "heart's desire" and holds it at the level of expectation of the next annual model. Man's search for identity is being contracted to the dimensions of giving all that he is and has to the devouring goal of increasing production.

What happens to people and to a society of people when their values are lowered to the level of their shop windows? It would seem probable that this must lead to deterioration of respect for, and indeed of capacity for, subtle and spontaneous valuing. It is not just religion that is involved, but the whole authenticity and diversity in living upon which the values of a genuine democratic society presumably depend.

ROBERT S. LYND
Department of Sociology
Columbia University
New York

ARGUMENT FURTHERIZED

To the Editor: William Lee Miller's humorized treatment of current attempts to jargonize (December 29, *The Reporter*) emphasizes only the latest phase in a stabilized trend. In fact, of the seven examples listed as having been especially victimized by this modernization—personalize, humanize, vitalize, democratize, prayerize, individualize, and spiritualize—all but one have been dictionaryized for years, along with many others such as carbonize, canonize, demilitarize, and polarize.

Mr. Miller may have activized a new cold war between the izers and the de-izers. The latter will insist that this cavalier treatment will denude, debase, and debauch our language, while the former will claim that their process will colorize, powerize, and splendorize it!

ERNEST W. MANDEVILLE
Allenhurst, New Jersey

FOR DIRECT ELECTION

To the Editor: Douglass Cater's article on "Our Electoral Machinery" in the December 29 issue of *The Reporter* appears, unfortunately, to be a rather superficial treatment of the vital yet appallingly misunderstood topic of the Presidential election process.

The author's dismissal of the direct election method in one brief, rather startling paragraph is inexcusable in any serious treatment of the subject. To say that "The best rebuttal is that it doesn't stand a chance..." is, of course, quite irrelevant to a discussion of the relative merits of the different proposals. But the real eyebrow raiser is the sentence which says that "Demagogic attempts at mass appeal might become even more prevalent." This is an argument that has been used throughout history against all kinds of democratic procedures in human affairs. It can be used to advocate resumption of election of U.S. Senators by state legislators, indirect election of state governors, or the most indirect kind of Presidential election system. (It might be pointed out that the one state in the Union that shuns direct election processes more than any other —Georgia—is hardly noted for a scarcity of demagogues.)

Only direct popular election would give every voter in the United States an equal voice with every other voter in the United States in the selection of the President. Every other system limits, in one way or another, the process of political democracy. Direct election is the only way to remove all the inequities, all the "gimmicks." Its adoption would confirm America's real faith in the democratic system of government—a system to which our leaders pay frequent lip service, one which we seek to export to other parts of the world but one which most of our politicians seem to fear like the plague here at home.

DAVID I. WELLS
New York

OIL IN TROUBLED WATERS

To the Editor: Having been a participant in the preliminary hearings on the so-called Allen bill, I must commend you on the extremely fair way in which you have handled the material in "Battle Royal for Oil: The California Tidelands," by Hale Champion (*The Reporter*, December 29).

JACK A. BEAVER
California Assembly
Sacramento

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To the Editor: I have not supported the Allen oil bill. It is too extreme and cannot be justified in equity. However, Mr. Champion misses the main point of the controversy. The grant of the tidelands to Long Beach was a trust with a limited purpose—harbor development and related improvements. I favor the recognition of the legal and equitable rights of Long Beach but requiring the city to be a faithful trustee.

You may be sure that the legislature will be fair and even generous with Long Beach but I do not propose to see such money wasted. The city government is a subdivision of the state and under legislative control.

NELSON S. DILSWORTH
California Senate
Sacramento

LET'S CO-ORDINATE

To the Editor: The article on the history of the Eisenhower speech to the U.N. ("Ike and the Peaceful Atom," by John Lear, *The Reporter*, January 12) reflects a careful and imaginative reportorial job. Although I am not personally familiar with any of the details, one aspect of the matter which I am rather sorry was not more fully explored was the importance of closer coordination between people in the government concerned respectively with the atoms-for-peace and atomic-control programs. This is important, in my view, because of many overlapping aspects of the inspection and control problem. However, this was not in the main theme which the author of the article was developing.

I congratulate *The Reporter* on a journalistic study which is timely, penetrating, and intensely interesting.

ERNEST A. GROSS
New York

To the Editor: John Lear's article goes a long way toward explaining one of the apparent weaknesses of the present State Department. To any thinking person, it has been quite evident that the frequent need of explanation, backing and filling, and sudden changes in policy has not been due to the acts of stupid people, since Mr. Dulles and his associates do not come within that classification. Why, then, have we had to witness the disconcerting inconsistencies of our diplomats?

That part of Mr. Lear's article under the subhead "Speechwriters in the Sky" indicates to this writer, at least, how a State Department ought not to function. Diplomacy, if nothing else, is an art in which taking time to think things out and to be sure before acting is paramount. The picture of the President, Dulles, Strauss, and Jackson preparing the important speech that the President was to deliver before the U.N., on the use of atomic power for peace, is not a reassuring one. Less caution was used than in preparing a talk before the Rotary or a literary club.

Apparently our State Department has been functioning at times on just the basis of extemporaneousness Mr. Lear describes, so there is little need to be surprised at the results.

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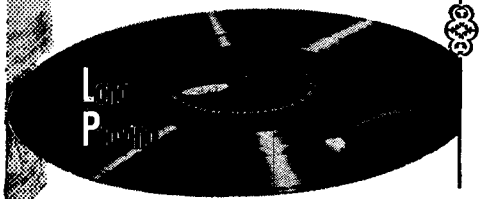

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

IN OUR LAST issue we reported in detail on the President's atoms-for-peace program, unquestionably a credit to his leadership. Now, regretfully, we report on two major administrative snafus: one having to do with our country's diplomacy, the other with public power and private influence. We like to think that such carefully assembled blocks of fact may be useful to our readers in this Presidential year, and can be presented so that they speak for themselves with little need for editorial comment. Thus, these two feature articles are not preceded by an editorial curtain raiser.

There seems to be little question but that the U.S. delegation to the United Nations was badly outmaneuvered in the recent debates on membership. The outmaneuvering was done not only by the representatives of friendly or neutral powers but—and this hurts—by the Soviet delegation. Things got so tangled that the hapless Henry Cabot Lodge refused to let himself be rescued by our friend and neighbor Canada. **William R. Frye,** U.N. correspondent for the *Christian Science Monitor,* describes the unfolding of the drama act by act and shows how badly we need a first-rate delegation at the U.N.

The Dixon-Yates mess is something else again. How it came into being may long remain a mystery, but there is no doubt that those responsible for it have singularly damaged the very cause of private vs. public power in which they believe. **E. W. Kenworthy** is on the staff of the New York *Times.*

Although it is no great consolation, two articles that follow deal with snafus that are not American. **Edmond Taylor,** who writes regularly from Europe, tells how French democracy suffered its recent defeat —through the ineptitude or irresponsibility of some of France's democratic politicians, through the systematic ruthlessness of politicians who are against democracy itself. The firsthand account that **Hal Lehrman,** an experienced foreign correspondent, brings us from Jordan proves that the British—for all their hallowed Intelligence Service—can sometimes fail to see what is under their noses. Some sorcerers' apprentices must be loose in London. We know that there are quite a few of the breed in Washington and are eagerly awaiting an opportunity to report that there are some in Moscow too.

WITH CONSIDERABLE relief, we hereby testify that there is nothing wrong with Mozart—aside perhaps from a few too hastily produced recordings of his works. **Roland Gelatt,** New York Editor of *High Fidelity,* tells us about some fine recordings on which our readers can rely.

Madeleine Chapsal, who contributes regularly from Paris, reviews the Goncourt Prize book that is forcing French readers, not without discomfort, to realize how hardy the ugly weeds of anti-Semitism still are in their country—and unfortunately not in their country alone. Miss Chapsal's article was written before the astounding electoral success of the Poujadists, the latest and exceedingly active champions of that loathsome cause.

Robert Marjolin, an outstanding French economist and for years an outstanding civil servant as Secretary General of the Organization for European Economic Cooperation, in dealing with a recently published book gives us his views on U.S. economic leadership.

The interpreter for the Big Four at the Versailles Peace Conference in 1919 has published his notes. Paul Mantoux' book is reviewed by **Lindsay Rogers,** Burgess Professor of Public Law at Columbia; it shows that Woodrow Wilson, advocate of open diplomacy, was reluctant to practice it himself. In forthcoming issues we shall show this tragic figure in some of his enduring, memorable aspects.

Sidney Alexander, poet and novelist, teaches at the New School in New York.

Our cover, a view of Paris, is by **Carol Hamann.**

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THE REPORTER

THE MAGAZINE OF FACTS AND IDEAS

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There are times when it seems we are living in the Age of the Artificial Response.

Studio audiences, prompted by cards, bray through television programs; engineers and orchestra members obediently approve, and even encourage the inanities of the men of morning radio; classical records come with built-in commentary; and jazz records are punctuated with whistles and shouts and hand-clapping.

All of this is intended to convince you, in spite of your eyes and ears, that what you are seeing or hearing is actually good.

Things are different with books. You can sit by yourself and decide by yourself whether a book is good or bad. Book publishers, of course, are aware of this, and regard their readers as individuals, not as the faceless components of a mass audience. Otherwise, we could expect to find applause records, to be turned on while reading, included with every book.

Such records, happily, don't exist. But if there were one, I would be tempted to play it straight through "Run," a new novel by Margaret Shedd.

Set in California's Bay Area, "Run" is about a 15-year-old boy who is suspected of killing a baby, and who is hiding from a town that has turned into a bloodthirsty mob. It has suspense, power and a tremendous climax; and it is beautifully told.

If you read "Run," you won't need a record to prompt you to spontaneous applause.

And there will be no short pause for even the briefest message from the publisher.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

The publisher of "Run" ($3.50), by Margaret Shedd, is Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y., also publishers of "Prize Stories 1956: The O. Henry Awards" ($3.95). Both books have just been published and may be obtained from your own bookseller or at any of the 30 Doubleday Books Shops, including the one at 633 Canal Street, New Orleans 16, Louisiana.

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18-17-16—
And We Lost the Game

WILLIAM R. FRYE

THE STORY of the "package deal" by which sixteen new members were brought into the United Nations is not one that can be neatly wrapped up. It was not a colossal American diplomatic snafu. It was not a Canadian plot against John Foster Dulles, nor was it a master stroke of genius by Jawaharlal Nehru, nor a well-planned, brilliantly executed Soviet démarche.

It was a little of all these things. But the real truth is that most of the participants played it by ear—the Canadians and Russians skillfully, the Indians opportunistically, and the Chinese and Americans on the whole rather shortsightedly. In defense of the United States, it should be said that Washington was in the most difficult position of all the participants. It is easy to understand why our government made the moves it did, even though—with the benefit of hindsight—many of those moves now appear ill advised.

American delegate Henry Cabot Lodge, Jr., merrily whistling through the graveyard, issued a statement when it was all over, rejoicing in the "ratio of three to one" between free countries (twelve) and Soviet satellites (four) admitted. "It is not every day that as advantageous a result as this is achieved," he said.

This is nonsense, and everyone who knows anything at all about the story—including, it must be presumed, Mr. Lodge—knows it is nonsense. The United States could have had a package deal with a three-to-one ratio of free countries to satellites at any time since 1952, but fought it at every turn. We fought it for perfectly good reasons. The Soviet Union would not include Japan in the package. Germany and Spain had not applied. Once the five Soviet satellites in the group were admitted, there would be no bargaining leverage with which to secure the admission of these important non-Communist states. The Soviets could veto them forever.

In addition, the United States had a very real stake in a sixty-nation U.N. Together with our highly cooperative South American allies—the irreverent call them "satellites"—we controlled one-third of the General Assembly. Since key decisions require two-thirds majorities, we had what amounted to veto power in the Assembly, as we had, by Charter right, in the Security Council. At the height of the cold war, when we were habitually on the winning side by fifty-five votes to five, this made little difference.

But as events, and inept American leadership, began to eat away our influence, it became a highly important matter. In the new, seventy-six-nation Assembly, the eighteen or nineteen Latin-American nations that co-operate with the United States will have to be augmented by seven or eight others in order to produce one-third of the votes—and if things keep on getting out of hand, it may not always be possible to find seven or eight others. The center of political gravity in the new U.N. is obviously shifting from the Western Hemisphere to the valleys of the Euphrates and the Ganges.

For these and other reasons, the package deal as it finally went through was by no means "advantageous" to the United States. It would have been much less disadvantageous if Japan had been included. Without Japan, it was a major setback.

Why did we let it happen, then? The answer is that we could not very well help it; the demand for the deal was irresistible. Like a hastily constructed levee trying to hold back flood waters, American resistance and private pressures, though severe, were insufficient. The Canadians saw the flood coming in time, and tried to minimize its damage by channelizing it. We resisted until too late, and it got out of hand.

The Pearson Formula

The first pages of this interesting chapter of contemporary diplomatic history were written in San Francisco last June. Soviet Foreign Minister Molotov, approached privately by Canada and Peru, offered the West two packages: one consisting of six countries (Austria, Italy, Finland, Hungary, Romania, and Bulgaria) and the other of sixteen (Albania, Outer Mongolia, Jordan, Ireland, Portugal, Hungary, Italy, Austria, Romania, Bulgaria, Finland, Ceylon, Nepal, Libya, Cambodia, and Laos). The first package was impossible; to admit six would be to outrage all the others. The second was somewhat better; it included every country that had applied except the two Koreas, the two Vietnams, and, most important, Japan.

What to do? There obviously was no chance whatsoever of persuading the Russians to accept South Korea, and precious little that they would O.K. South Vietnam. It was conceivable that they would include Japan, despite the importance of Japan's seat as a bargaining point in the Russo-Japanese peace-treaty negotiations about to get under way. So Canadian Secretary of State for External Affairs Lester B. Pearson came up with a formula: Admit all countries about which no question

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of unification arises. It was an idea he had first broached in the Canadian Parliament and later tried out on an American audience at Princeton University; it was not—as some commentators have suggested—something the Russians subtly planted in his mind.

There has been a lot of speculation about his motive. The simple truth is that he thought some package deal was inevitable and wanted to control its size and shape; and he felt the initiative for a popular move of this type would be better coming from the West than from the Soviet Union or India. He was also convinced that on balance it would be good for the U.N. to be more nearly representative of the world as it is, regardless of the problems this might produce for the United States and others. Desire to assist certain of the applicants, notably Ceylon and Japan, also played a part.

The Cult of Article 4

The United States was very cool to the whole project. Dulles personally had always been an advocate of universality for the U.N., but package deals were political dynamite. Hungary, Bulgaria, and Romania were fighting words to the right wing of the Republican Party. Outer Mongolia was a ludicrous burlesque of a country. Albania had defied the World Court by refusing to pay damages for the Corfu Channel outrage of 1948 in which two British destroyers were mined.

Moreover, we had waved the banners of political morality for so long—contending that package deals were immoral simply because they were packages—that it would be difficult to shift into reverse, even though much of the practical political reason for our morality was disappearing, and even though, in 1946, we ourselves had invented the idea of package admissions.

Perhaps the most persuasive reason of all why Washington resisted the Canadian project was that both the Eisenhower and Truman Administrations had sold the American people on Article 4 of the U.N. Charter: the article that sets up the legal fiction that U.N. members are "peace-loving." Americans had become firmly attached to the idea that U.N. membership was a privilege to be bestowed only upon the deserving—that the U.N. should be selective, as distinct from universal; indeed, that it should be, so far as possible, an alliance against world Communism. This cult of Article 4 was deliberately encouraged in order to provide a rationale for the exclusion of Communist China. The question of China is one of credentials, not membership, but the distinction has been blurred, sometimes deliberately.

During the summer of 1955, the State Department, in its contacts with the Canadians, threw cold water on the idea. Dulles himself was busy with the Geneva meetings, but his aides let it be known they were "flabbergasted" at the plan to push the package in the Assembly that fall. The Canadians barreled through this American red light at sixty miles an hour, convinced that they were right and that they were saving the Administration from its own shortsightedness.

Lodge

THE LOCALE of the story then shifts to the blue-and-green Assembly hall, and the time to late September. During the "general debate" which traditionally provides the springboard for U.N. General Assemblies, Molotov made public his offer of a sixteen-nation package. Dulles reiterated his protest against the vetoing of qualified applicants. In this, there was no visible change since San Francisco. Paul Martin of Canada, an astute lawyer from Windsor, Ontario, who has made a name for himself as Minister of National Health and Welfare, and who appears to be in line for the External Affairs Ministry if and when Pearson steps up, put forward the Pearson formula—orally in the general debate, then in writing in a draft resolution circulated privately. An hour after he spoke on September 26, Spain applied and was added to the list, making it eighteen. The difference between Molotov's sixteen and Martin's eighteen consisted of Japan and Spain.

The Canadian package captured all popularity contests almost overnight. Inclusion of Spain won over the last large bloc of lukewarm countries—the Latin Americans—and made support for the proposal almost unanimous. With the Latinos' defection, the last hope the United States had of blocking a two-thirds majority in the Assembly died.

There was still the Security Council, however. Under the Charter, it had to "recommend" before the Assembly could "admit" a new member. The countries that really mattered—the five great powers with a veto in the council—were by no means won over. They were the United States, the Soviet Union, Britain, France, and Nationalist China.

The attitudes of Washington and Moscow were clear. London and Paris were cool because eighteen new members would mean a major increase in the strength of the rampaging anti-colonial "A-A" (Asian-African) bloc; subjects such as Cyprus and Algeria would be certain to become fiery perennials on the Assembly agenda.

Spain was by no means an asset to the package in the eyes of Britain and France: and in the case of Britain, it was also very difficult to swallow Albania.

The Bitter Tea of Dr. Tsiang

At first almost no one paid any attention to China. Small, bespectacled Dr. Tingfu F. Tsiang is one of the ablest diplomats in the U.N., as his adversaries were soon to discover; but he represents a government for which there is little respect and less affection; and he stands for an issue

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which most U.N. delegates would prefer to forget, because they are not happy with the solution they have swallowed. The idea that Nationalist China might use its veto power to block the package deal—defying a vast majority of the Assembly—just did not occur to most of them, or if it occurred, it was not taken seriously. Even when Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek announced that he would do precisely that—exercise the veto—they did not believe it. They thought he would do what the United States told him to do—and they thought the United States could be brought around.

To this day, there are many otherwise well-informed U.N. diplomats who do not believe that the United States really brought pressure upon Chiang to go along with the package deal. They accept the Soviet theory that the United States connived in the Chinese veto—that Chiang was doing American "dirty work." On at least two occasions in the Security Council debate, Lodge blundered into statements that appeared to support this thesis. But it was not true.

RELATIONS between Washington and Taipei are vastly different from the master-and-puppet picture in some minds. At the highest levels in Washington, there is almost as much distaste for Chiang as there is in London and Ottawa—and the feeling is cordially reciprocated. But Washington does not feel free to use against Chiang the leverage it possesses; it does not dare to withdraw its economic and military aid for fear of domestic political repercussions, and because Formosa is considered a vital link in the chain of Pacific island bases. The last effective source of pressure on Chiang Kai-shek was lost in 1955 when the United States gave him the Mutual Defense Treaty he wanted.

Thus it was possible in the fall of 1955 for Chiang to scorn three separate appeals from President Eisenhower not to cast his veto—and get away with it. It was possible for him to give Lodge and his staff some of the worst moments they have had in the U.N. It was possible for the Generalissimo to bring Canadian-American relations in the U.N. to their lowest ebb in a long time.

Why did Chiang insist on vetoing the package deal? No one but the Gissimo really knows. Tsiang, his delegate, urged him, in repeated cables from the U.N., not to do it. That is a fact known only to a few, but it is true.

One popular explanation for the veto can be easily dismissed: that the Chinese leader wanted to "commit suicide gloriously"—that he knew his days in the U.N. were numbered, and wanted to end them with a bang rather than a whimper. Too many other things are inconsistent with this theory. Moreover, suicide is contrary to Chinese tradition and practice. It is a Japanese custom. The Chinese cling to life grimly, even though face be lost in the process. "The Japanese national flower is the cherry blossom," one astute Oriental observer remarked. "It lives but a short time, and dies gracefully. The Chinese national flower is the peony, which is very long-lived and hardy."

THERE ARE other theories that purport to explain the veto. One is that it was popular as a prestige gesture with the overseas Chinese, whose financial contributions to Chiang's treasury are important. There may be some truth to this theory. Another explanation with some substance is that the veto threat was intended as a bargaining weapon. France got a tidy price—deletion of Algeria from the Assembly agenda—in return for its promise not to veto the package, and Chiang was encouraged by some Latinos to think that he, too, could sell his vote. The price mentioned at one point was a two-year lease on life in the Assembly. But this was never a practical proposition. Even one year was far more than the majority was prepared to pay.

The explanation accepted by those who are in the best position to know is that Chiang wanted to throw a monkey wrench into the Geneva negotiations between Red China and the United States, and thus delay or prevent a *rapprochement* between Washington and Peking. The Generalissimo knows, as few Americans do, that Dulles is working hard for such a *rapprochement,* or at least for a minimum accommodation which would remove from Chiang such power as he still has to plunge the United States into war with mainland China. The United States has precious few bargaining assets in that process of negotiation with Peking; China's U.N. seat is one of them. This is one bit of diplomatic currency that the United States does not wish to see devalued. Tsiang's veto of Outer Mongolia did devalue it; it brought closer the day when Communist China could get into the U.N. without paying any price to the United States at all. Even if the veto had worked as Chiang obviously planned—had it destroyed the prospects for all eighteen states in the package—it would have been still more effective in that direction.

This was a desperate gamble that Chiang was taking. It ran the risk of precipitating his total ouster from the U.N. immediately; but all things considered, including the impending American election, this was not too great a risk. And if worst came to worst, and he was unseated a year or so earlier than necessary, at least he would have preserved the remnants of his power to involve the United States in war—something even more vital to him than his U.N. seat.

An interesting fact that may or may not fit into the picture is that several countries with diplomatic representation in Peking reported privately that Chou En-lai was strongly opposed to the admission of Outer Mongolia, at least under Soviet sponsorship—apparently fearing that such a step would consolidate Soviet influence in the territory to the detriment of China. If this is true, it is not easy to explain Nationalist China's parallel stand, unless Chiang, fearing a deal between the United States and his enemy, was himself attempting to negotiate with Peking. Persistent reports of contact between the two Chinas are indignantly denied; but such contact could explain many things—for example, the sudden and apparently inexplicable snag in the Sino-American negotiations in Geneva last fall, after Peking had agreed to release all American prisoners.

An Interview at Geneva

The United States was the first to learn of Chiang's veto plan. Exactly when Lodge and his aides heard of

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it they decline to say. But it must have been late in October, because up to that time they were still telling other delegates that Hungary, Bulgaria, and Romania were the countries that made the package difficult for them to swallow.

Under Canadian pressure and in the light of the snowballing popularity of the package deal in the lounges, the United States had slowly begun to give way. As early as October 4, Dulles had told a press conference the United States would not use the veto against any of the Soviet satellites. On November 1, he took time off from the Geneva Foreign Ministers' conference to go to Madrid and see Franco; U.N. membership for Spain was the principal thing Generalissimo Franco wanted to talk about.

A week or so earlier, Dulles had been to Rome and had found the same eagerness in the Italian government. The Japanese had been moving heaven and earth for the package. It was obvious that the country that stood in the way of any of these applicants would pay dearly for so doing. Like it or not, the United States was going to have to go along. The domestic political explosion would have to be risked.

BUT THEN, as Dulles and Lodge were steeling themselves to take the plunge, the possible consequences of Chiang's stand began to dawn on them. Chiang would stand up against the avalanche; the United States—widely thought to be his puppeteer—would be blamed. The wrath of Tokyo, Rome, and Madrid, not to mention a dozen other capitals, and the Vatican, would pour in on both Washington and Taipei. Tsiang might be ousted from the U.N.; whether he was or not, his position would be made so precarious as to destroy any chance of selling China's seat to Peking for a worthwhile price. No one would ever believe the United States had not put Tsiang up to his veto; there would be severe strains within the free-world alliance; the Kremlin would reap a propaganda harvest of extraordinary proportions.

Lodge and his aides desperately cast about for a way out. They urged Martin to shift signals and press for seventeen, dropping Outer Mongolia. Sir Pierson Dixon of Great Britain sided with Lodge. But Martin refused; he felt certain there was no practical chance of selling a package of seventeen to the Russians, and thought Chiang could be persuaded to take eighteen if sufficient pressure were brought to bear. It would be more practical and more productive to twist Chiang's arm, he apparently felt, than Molotov's. The latter had still to be persuaded to take Spain and Japan. No, Martin did not think seventeen was an attainable goal. He was willing to wait while the three western Foreign Ministers tried their luck at Geneva with the stony Soviet Foreign Minister, but he thought Eisenhower, then

picking up the reins of government anew, should go to work on Chiang.

On November 13, a crucial Sunday, Dulles and Molotov sat down in Geneva and had it out. There was nothing doing. Molotov was willing to consider Spain and Japan, but would not commit himself to anything except the other sixteen. He was adamant on Outer Mongolia. Dulles wired Lodge authorizing him to come out publicly for the seventeen—supporting thirteen free countries, and acquiescing in four satellites. That same Sunday afternoon, at a hastily summoned press conference, Lodge did so, adding he did not think the eighteenth country, Outer Mongolia, would "make the grade."

'Pitiful Yak Factory'

We now know that Lodge's strategy was to keep Outer Mongolia from getting the necessary seven affirmative votes in the Security Council. Abstention from voting in the Council is as effective as a negative vote, if enough countries abstain. In this instance, five abstentions out of eleven would have rescued China from having to cast its veto; Outer Mongolia would have fallen of its own weight.

The blame for upsetting the package deal would then have been shared among the several states which abstained, rather than concentrated on Dr. Tsiang. Perhaps, if fortune smiled, a large share of the onus could be shifted to the Soviet Union, where in fact it really belonged. But the Council would have to meet promptly or this plan would not succeed; some of the potential abstainers were wavering under Assembly pressure.

MARTIN had two principal objections to this scheme (when he was told about it, which was not until after the die had been cast). First, since the Soviet Union always had insisted on all or nothing, it was not a scheme for admitting any new members; it was a way of excluding them with minimum damage to the West. Second, it would not work, he felt, even in this latter respect. China would be rescued, yes, but only at the price of having the full weight of the world's disappointment come crashing down on the head of the United States. No one would be fooled by the strategy of abstention; it would be obvious who was behind it. Why run interference for Chiang Kai-shek? This would simply strengthen his determination to destroy the package.

The reaction to the Lodge statement bore out Martin's reasoning. There were few who understood Lodge's curious passage about Outer Mongolia not "making the grade," and he did not explain. It was widely assumed that the United States delegate was off on another of his war dances for the benefit of the domestic audience. Either that or he was planning to sabotage the package. Could this "pitiful yak factory" on the Soviet-Chinese border really be of any importance to the United States? Having swallowed Hungary, Bulgaria, and Romania, could Washington really be gagging on Outer

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Mongolia? There was much puzzled headshaking in the U.N. lounges.

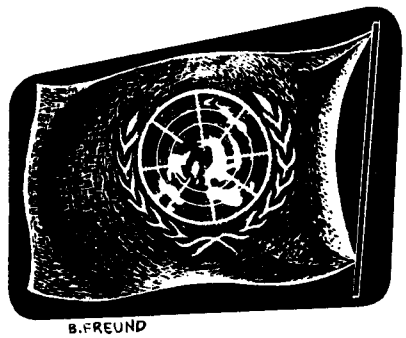
'Eighteen or None'

What was of immediate importance was that Lodge and Dulles, in effect, had declared war on Paul Martin. Or rather, the long-smoldering undeclared war between Canada and the United States was now official. The respective strategies clashed at every key point: the number of countries to be in the package, the direction in which to channel the pressure, the U.N. organ to employ in pressing forward. Martin called a meeting of the twenty-three other countries that had eagerly come forward to co-sponsor his resolution; he intended to lay it before the Assembly's sixty-nation Special Political Committee. An hour before the twenty-four met, and without informing Martin, Lodge publicly called for an "early meeting" of the Security Council instead. The war was on.

That night, Soviet delegate Vasily V. Kuznetsov—at last convinced that Martin was not an American puppet, and eager to exploit the rift—told Martin the Soviet Union would add Japan and Spain to Molotov's package of sixteen. To Martin this must have seemed a tremendous concession. With success now apparently attainable, he became all the more determined to press on. The Soviet move had been adroitly timed.

Some of Martin's twenty-three co-sponsors did not want to get into an open fight with the United States if they could help it, and knew he felt the same way. They asked Martin to talk quietly with the members of the Council and try to settle out of court. There followed an explosive series of private meetings at which the United States and Britain brought terrific pressure on Martin and his government to work for seventeen, not eighteen. But Martin is not an easy man to push. He was convinced that seventeen was a formula for failure; and he was under equally great pressure from V. K. Krishna Menon of India, among many others, on the side of eighteen. Martin knew Krishna Menon would take the ball and run with it, to the greater embarrassment of the United States, if he, Martin, called off the advance. Standing on the sidelines, Kuznetsov did all he could to reinforce the belief that seventeen was impossible. Among other things, he called a press conference on November 17 to insist on eighteen or none.

About all the United States and Canada could agree upon was an uneasy truce. The Security Council



meeting which Lodge had demanded was quietly shelved. In the Special Political Committee, where Martin and his co-sponsors had laid their resolution on November 16, a long list of delegates suddenly discovered that they wanted to make another speech on the problem of the Palestine refugees. For two weeks the delaying operation continued, while the private tug of war went on. Eisenhower sent first one, then another message to Chiang Kai-shek, pointing out the consequences of a veto, emphasizing the embarrassment the United States would suffer, and deploring the effect on relations between China and other anti-Communist states, notably Japan. Still a third message was to come in December. These cables were as strong as they could be made short of an explicit threat to take retaliatory action. Chiang's replies were courteous but negative; despite the consequences, he could not bring himself, he said, to join in a violation of the U.N. Charter or a defiance of the World Court. It was a moral issue with him, he insisted. Neither Eisenhower nor Chiang once touched upon the heart of the issue that divided them: the developing relationship between Washington and Peking.

Debate and Vote

On November 29, Chiang's spokesman in Taipei put his defiance of Eisenhower on the public record. He told the press his U.N. delegate would veto Outer Mongolia if necessary. At the U.N., it was rapidly becoming obvious that it would be necessary. The American effort to keep Outer Mongolia from getting seven votes was a failure. France had been won over to the package November 25 when the Algerian issue was buried. Britain had agreed to vote "Yes," even on Albania. Turkey could not long hold out. It was clear that Chiang was going to have to use his veto.

This being the case, there was no longer any point in rushing into the Security Council. It was too late. All that could be done was to hold a formal debate in the Assembly, culminating in an overwhelming vote, and hope to break down the Chinese opposition. It was late for this, too; the veto threat had come out into the open and "face" was now involved. But it could be tried.

To those who knew what had been happening, the public debate was doubly interesting, if a touch anticlimactic. Martin made a closely reasoned lawyer's plea; Victor Andres Belaunde of Peru, who had worked long and hard on a special committee of good offices, contributed emotion and eloquence. Others, one after another, found words in which to explain away their earlier opposition to packages and to support their profound conviction for accepting the package of 1955. Only Australian Ambassador Sir Percy Spender told the candid truth: that hitherto the package had been too small to be attractive, but that now, with Spain and Japan added, they were ready to buy it. Tsiang fought off the rising pressure with great skill. He threw back at the converts every raised eyebrow, every moral scruple, every indignant and outraged protest which they themselves had affected in other years. His 1955 morality was just as phony as theirs had been before; but U.N. delegates appreciate and acknowledge a good public performance, whether by friend or foe, just as connoisseurs of good theater applaud the polished rendition of an unsympathetic role.

The debate, of course, had nothing to do with how anyone was planning to vote. The outcome had long since been settled. It was 52-2, with the United States and a handful of others abstaining.

Would this show of virtual unan-

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imity sway Chiang? United States Ambassador Karl L. Rankin took a final Eisenhower message to the Generalissimo at his retreat on Sun Moon Lake. The Latinos made one last frantic effort to bargain on his behalf. Then the Security Council gathered for the showdown.

Sobolev's Disbelief

The first meeting was on Saturday, December 10. This session bogged down in a procedural battle that came like comic relief at the height of a great drama. Soviet delegate A. A. Sobolev professed to believe the West would double-cross him on the package. How could he be sure, he asked, that if he permitted the thirteen western applicants to be favorably recommended along with his five, the Assembly might not withhold a two-thirds majority from some or all of the five? He apparently did not believe the 52-2 vote that was staring him in the face. He insisted that the Council should complete the admission of each country —necessitating action in both the Council and Assembly—before going on to the next applicant.

Lodge was overjoyed. Here was a heaven-sent opportunity to focus the blame on the Kremlin. The Soviets were practically asking to be blamed, and doing it in the most offensive manner possible—doubting the word of fifty-two U.N. members.

Martin was dismayed. He still was more interested in success than in apportioning blame for failure. Another behind-the-scenes Canadian-American explosion resulted, this one perhaps the most furious of all, over whether to remove the new Soviet obstacle. Martin, Krishna Menon, and Dixon decided to try.

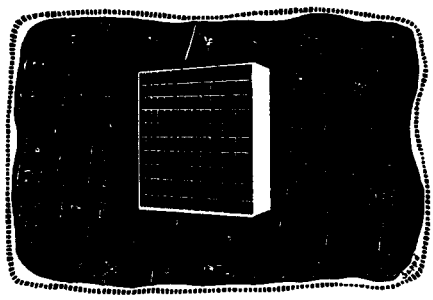
Martin and Krishna Menon, together with Dr. José Vicente Trujillo of Ecuador, called a private meeting of the fifty-two on December 12. Not all came. Some who did—including Spender and Cyro de Freitas-Valle of Brazil—objected angrily to being asked to guarantee that they would keep their word. The meeting broke up in failure; the Soviets had not obtained any reassurance. On the contrary.

From Martin's point of view, this was a real crisis. The meeting of the fifty-two had been a blunder; it had backfired. The whole deal—months of work—could collapse. So he and Dixon cornered Kuznetsov. For nearly two hours the two westerners tried to persuade him he could trust the non-Communist world.

A Vishinsky would not have had the power to change his mind in such a situation. A Malik would have refused to do so. But Kuznetsov apparently is from a new generation of Soviet diplomats. Having lived and worked in the United States as a young man, he seems to understand his adversaries. Martin rates him as "the most intelligent Russian they have ever had" at the U.N. Some think he is slated to replace Molotov when the latter retires or is fired. At any rate, he seemed to be impressed with Martin's sincerity, and decided to reverse Sobolev's stand. There were many who were interested that he had that much authority. He had not had time to consult Moscow.

Comic relief past, the drama returned to its previous pattern. Rarely since Korea had there been such suspense in the U.N. as there was on Tuesday, December 13, when the package finally came to a vote. Kuznetsov's reversal turned the spotlight back to Tsiang. "This is a difficult moment for me," the Chinese delegate said, with obvious understatement. "I can do no other." Many refused to believe him right up to the last moment. But when the time came, he did what his government had said he would do.

There were few, if any, who knew on that gloomy afternoon that what they had witnessed was not the climax after all. Ambassador R. S. S. Gunewardene of Ceylon, who had



been one of the most eager of the applicants, sadly took a plane for Washington. In a lighter moment, he had promised to build a statue to Martin in Colombo if the deal went through. There would be no statue. Toshikazu Kase of Japan managed to keep smiling, but it was a very obvious effort. He had telephoned Martin every morning on the dot of 8:45 for more than two months, and had tried to lubricate the Canadian-American gears when they clashed violently. Secretary-General Dag Hammarskjold's face had grown longer and longer as the afternoon wore on, and at the end it was ashen. He too had worked tirelessly behind the scenes. Martin had consulted him at practically every turn.

There were fulminations against Tsiang, but nearly everyone except Krishna Menon and the fire-eating Ahmed Shukairy of Syria agreed it was too late to take revenge with an ouster move. Adjournment of the Assembly was only three days off; it could not be put back any further if the Europeans were to get home comfortably for Christmas. In this respect, the American strategy had been partly successful: The climax had been delayed long enough to save Tsiang's skin.

Script Writer's Ending

For true classical tragedy, this should have been the end. But somewhere a modern script-writer was preparing to adapt the original and add his own ending.

Shortly after 11:30 A.M. on Wednesday, Kuznetsov called Dragoslav Protitch, the secretary of the Council, and asked for an urgent meeting that day. The effect was electrifying. Within twenty minutes, even the potted ferns in the Delegates' Lounge seemed to be on edge. Sir Leslie Munro, the hard-working New Zealand president of the Council, could not be reached; he had gone Christmas shopping. But he soon arrived, as nearly breathless as his dignity and poise ever allow him to be.

At lunch, Krishna Menon told him it would be sixteen: the eighteen, minus Outer Mongolia and Spain. This story immediately took wing, and it was the accepted version for two hours. Then Sir Leslie got together with Kuznetsov, and for the first time, the West found out what it was up against. It was sixteen—minus Outer Mongolia and Japan.

Munro delayed the session until 4 P.M., but even so, there was only an hour and a half to plan counter-

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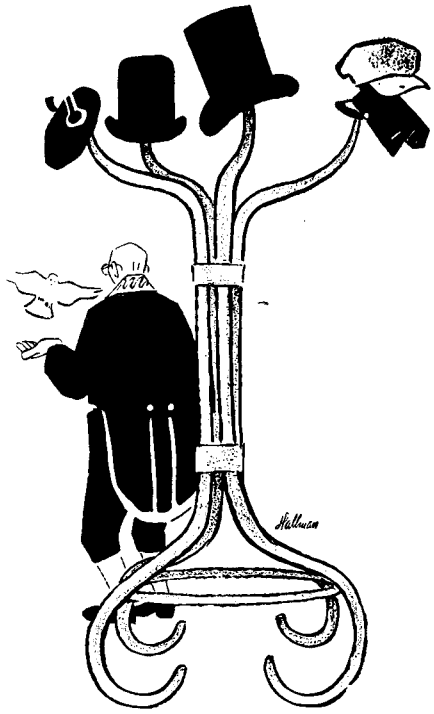


strategy. What to do? It would be extremely serious to exclude Japan. The Hatoyama government might even be overthrown and replaced with an aggressively neutral régime. Whether it was or not, some Japanese government eventually would have to pay the Kremlin's price for a U.N. seat—and that price might be Japanese neutralism. The basis of the American strategic position in the Pacific was endangered. As a more immediate result, the bargaining scales would be drastically readjusted when Russo-Japanese peace-treaty negotiations began anew. Chinese-Japanese animosity might be revived, especially if Tsiang were repeatedly put in the position of vetoing the Outer Mongolian half of a Mongolian-Japanese package deal. From the beginning, admission of Japan had been one of Canada's prime goals. It had been the factor that, more than any other, had finally reconciled the United States to the deal.

But how could the West take the position that it was Japan or nothing? Lodge had used some of his sharpest invective the previous day to berate Sobolev for an "all-or-nothing" position. The various voting positions of the Council members on the European satellites had been set forth publicly and defended on grounds of eternal moral principle; they could not suddenly be overturned. The United States could not decide, on a few hours' notice, to veto Hungary or Bulgaria or Romania, after parading its virtuous refusal to use the veto on questions of membership. Britain, having painfully rationalized its willingness to see Albania admitted, could not suddenly decide that Albania had become unqualified. Even Tsiang was committed to abstain on the European satellites.

The truth was, the West was trapped—trapped by its own compromise between principle and practical politics. Had the western world really been principled, it never would have considered the package in the first place; had it really been practical, it would have insisted from the beginning that it was eighteen or nothing.

There was a suspense-filled hour of frantic consultations and long-distance phone calls. Kase pleaded for an adjournment. But the atmosphere was one of psychological delirium; no one could take responsibility for dashing the hopes of so many people again. And postponement would not really solve anything. So the western delegates filed into the blue-and-gold Council Chamber and did the only thing they could do: bought the package of sixteen.

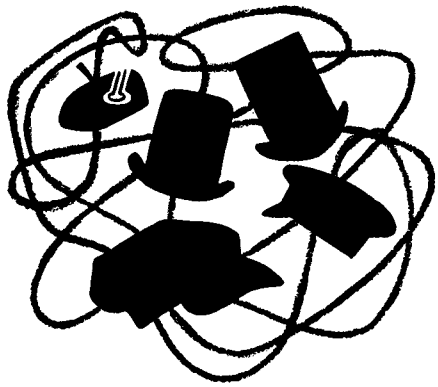
Martin received most the plaudits of the happy multitudes, but he himself was not really a happy man. He knew only too well that the result was not a true victory. He had tried to persuade the United States to buy the full package of eighteen, and firmly believed—as did many others—that if eighteen had been the American stand from the beginning, China would not have dared to resist. It was the American willingness to protect Chiang Kai-shek that had emboldened the Chinese leader, according to this thesis.

HE MAY WELL have been right. Just possibly the United States was also right—that if the whole pressure of the Assembly had been brought to bear on the Soviets for a package of seventeen, Moscow would have buckled. But this is a very big "if," because it is doubtful that a large majority of the Assembly would have co-operated in such an exercise.

Another man who had mixed emotions, for a different reason, was Krishna Menon. He left the Assembly sputtering to his chauffeur that he had not received sufficient credit for the outcome. He had cabled his Prime Minister, Jawaharlal Nehru, on Sunday, December 11, predicting the Chinese veto and suggesting that Nehru see what could be done with Khrushchev and Bulganin, who were then in New Delhi. Thereupon Nehru had intervened with the Soviet chieftains. Whether they made up their minds on the spot, or had their strategy planned for a long time, only they can know. The latter seems more likely. In retrospect, conversations Kuznetsov held with Martin indicate that the idea was being considered as early as three weeks before the climactic December 14. What is certain is that Krishna Menon had no wind of the decision as late as noon of that final day, because he was still clamoring for a debate in the Assembly—presumably to excoriate Tsiang—at that time. And when he did learn about it, he got the details wrong. But all this did not keep him from exulting to the Assembly, the next day, that the Soviet Union had "responded magnificently" to India's "appeal on behalf of the United Nations."

The Kremlin the hero of the piece? What an ironic twist! For ten years, Soviet diplomats had been vetoing qualified applicants; they had cast no fewer than forty-five such vetoes. Now they had trapped the West in a muddle of the West's own making, got their hands squarely around Japan's throat, and earned an encomium from India for "magnificent" service to the United Nations.

Even Hollywood was never guilty of a script like that.



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Dixon-Yates: The Riddle Of a Self-Inflicted Wound

E. W. KENWORTHY

AFTER THOUSANDS of pages of testimony taken during the past two years by the Senate monopoly subcommittee, the Congressional Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, and the Securities and Exchange Commission, there are still a good many unanswered questions about the Dixon-Yates contract. (For one thing, the role of Assistant to the President Sherman Adams.) But certainly the most important—for it involves political morality—is, How did the Administration get itself into such a mess when it didn't have to at all?

To refine and point the question, Why did AEC Chairman Lewis L. Strauss, former Director of the Budget Joseph M. Dodge, and present Director of the Budget Rowland R. Hughes—the three responsible officials—take such a devious route to an objective that was so legitimate?

Basically, the objective of the Dixon-Yates contract was the implementation of the Eisenhower power policy. That policy is certainly debatable. But the President campaigned on it, and he was certainly justified—and so were his officers—in putting it into practice.

WHAT WAS the policy? In the 1952 campaign General Eisenhower called for an end to what he termed "whole-hog" Federal development of water resources. He agreed that the Federal government might undertake the financing of those few multiple-purpose projects which were too vast for private enterprise or local governments. But the general rule should be that the Federal government would limit itself to the "non-reimbursable" aspects of valley development—navigation, flood control, irrigation—and leave hydroelectric power to private utilities or local authorities.

If he opposed Federal investment in hydroelectric power, it followed that he would object most particularly—now that the Tennessee Valley Authority had exhausted the waterpower potential of its river basin—to further construction of steam-generating plants by the TVA. (It is possible to argue, of course, that this obvious extension of his policy was somewhat blurred by the General's speech in Memphis in which he said there was "no disposition on my part to impair the effective working out of TVA.") In any event, he made it quite clear that he intended, wherever possible, to get the government out of the power business.

The place where this policy was to be most immediately applied was in the Memphis area. This area needed some 450,000 to 600,000 kilowatts of new power, and the TVA had requested funds in the fiscal 1953 budget for a steam plant at Fulton, Tennessee, near Memphis. The Truman Administration disallowed the request, but when TVA renewed it for the 1954 budget—which was being prepared for the Eisenhower Administration—Truman approved it.

In revising the budget that it inherited in the spring of 1953, the Eisenhower Administration knocked out the Fulton plant. But the Memphis area still needed the power. The simple course, dictated by the President's policy, would have been to have TVA arrange to contract with private industry for the power.

The Administration did not take the simple course. The course it did take—around TVA, through the AEC, into a thicket of conflict of interest, all the while trying to cover up its tracks and dodging and equivocating when the trail was uncovered until it finally ended up with a broken contract and a damage suit—is related in the following pages on the basis of government documents and testimony before Congressional investigating committees.

First Boston Lends a Hand

The story begins in May, 1953. Budget Director Dodge had killed the Fulton plant item. Now he wanted a study done on TVA. It might be doubly useful, because friends of TVA in House and Senate were going to offer the Fulton item from the floor. If the Administration could say the whole matter was under study, it might head off Congressional action. At this moment help providentially arrived in the person of George D. Woods, ebullient board chairman of the First Boston Corporation of New York.

First Boston is in the business of marketing securities, specializing in utility issues, and Woods had been deeply stirred by the President's policy and by news reports from Washington that the Administration was in earnest about stopping "creeping socialism." In the first week of May, he began "chasing" (his word) Dodge, and finally got an appointment for May 11.

"I was impelled to come down here [to see Dodge]," he told the monopoly subcommittee, headed by Senator Estes Kefauver (D., Tennessee), "because . . . I thought it would be fine if there were untold millions or billions of dollars of securities sold on the market at a profit to security dealers."

But that was not his "primary reason." "No, sir. My purpose was to say to him, 'The way I understand it from all the speeches . . . you folks are embarking on . . . getting the government out of business. . . . And God bless you, Joe, I agree with it 100 per cent and . . . I want to help you.' "

Dodge told Woods, "I had been considering making a power study [of the TVA], and I didn't know where to get a man except out of the utility business, and I didn't think that was a good idea."

WOODS had just the man—a senior vice-president of his own firm, an engineer and specialist on costs, Adolphe H. Wenzell.

On May 20, 1953, Wenzell came to the Budget Bureau as an unpaid consultant. According to testimony by Assistant Director for Budget Review William F. McCandless, Dodge warned his staff that "we should be careful not to let word get outside the Bureau that such a study was being made and not to tell the TVA."

During the spring and summer,

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Wenzell spent one or two days a week at the Bureau. At no time did he confer with TVA Chairman Gordon Clapp, or ask TVA for help or advice. When the Fulton plant bill came up in the Senate in the early summer, Senator Leverett Saltonstall (R., Massachusetts) said a thorough study was being made of the matter; the bill was defeated.

The Wenzell report was finished on September 15, 1953. (Deputy Budget Director Rowland Hughes had gone over it and "toned down" some of the language so that it wouldn't "read offensively" if it "got into circulation.") At the end of his technical analysis, Wenzell made these four alternative policy recommendations for the future:

¶ That municipalities and co-operatives build their own plants to meet additional needs.

¶ That private wholesale steam-power companies be organized to sell power to TVA.

¶ That private companies serve cities on the TVA periphery.

¶ That TVA retain ownership of multiple-purpose dams needed for flood control and navigation but sell the power to a taxpaying corporation. All other TVA power units —both hydro and steam—would be transferred to this corporation. The corporation would be initially owned by the government, but all future expansion would be financed by securities offered to the public, and eventually all the government's share would be so offered.

Wenzell himself did not think much of the first three proposals because they involved splitting up the power supply. But he was enthusiastic about the fourth. Though it would mean higher rates, he argued that this disadvantage was more than offset by "getting the Federal government out of the subsidized power business."

Dodge and Hughes later insisted that the Wenzell report did not influence Dixon-Yates policy. In fact, Dodge told the Kefauver subcommittee he was displeased by Wenzell's policy recommendations—"which I didn't ask for."

It is certainly true that Wenzell's report was not responsible for the involvement of AEC in Dixon-Yates. But the tenor of his recommendations reinforced the Administration's thinking, and his second and third recommendations on the organization of private wholesale steam-power plants to feed power into the periphery of the TVA system were similar to the approach taken in the Dixon-Yates scheme.

As for Dodge's reported displeasure, he personally took a copy of the report to the President and sent one to Herbert Hoover. (Some of the recommendations in the Hoover Commission's later report on TVA parallel Wenzell's.) And Dodge wrote Wenzell a letter saying that the favorable reactions of "two important individuals" (Eisenhower and Hoover) "equaled my own."

Mr. Dodge Gets an Idea

A month after the Wenzell report was submitted, TVA Chairman Gordon Clapp came to the Budget Bureau for talks on TVA's requests for fiscal 1955. The Bureau was bearish on requests for eight new steam plants, including Fulton. Thereupon Clapp suggested that if the request were to be disallowed, the Bureau should consider relieving TVA of some of its power commitments to the Atomic Energy Commission.

Dodge seized on this proposal. On December 2, 1953, he had a conference with AEC Chairman Strauss. Also present were William McCandless of the Budget Bureau and Walter J. Williams, AEC Deputy General Manager. Dodge proposed that the power TVA's Shawnee, Kentucky, plant would furnish the AEC installation at Paducah, Kentucky, be replaced by private power. (The Shawnee plant, which had not yet been completed, was being built purposely to supply the AEC.)

The AEC officials said this might be feasible. It was agreed that Williams would confer on the matter with J. W. McAfee, president of the Union Electric Company of Missouri and also of Electric Energy, Inc. The latter firm had been formed by five utility companies to build a plant at Joppa, Illinois, and also to furnish power to AEC at Paducah. It was Dodge's idea that additional capacity might be built at Joppa and that the power thus released from the TVA plant at Shawnee be pumped into the Memphis area, obviating the need for a new plant at Fulton.

At first McAfee seemed interested, but he would have to "make some contacts"—the financing would be considerable. On thinking it over, he had some doubts. Electric Energy had run into trouble at Joppa; construction had fallen behind and there had been Congressional criticism. He was leary of getting his company involved again. He told the AEC that there might be legal difficulties, and proposed the formation of a new company.

Gordon Clapp also had objections. He wrote Dodge that the power to be released at Shawnee was not as well located for TVA needs as the Fulton plant would be, and that there would be "losses in transmission"—Shawnee is some 160 miles from the Memphis area.

Dodge paid no attention to Clapp's objections. The Bureau proceeded to draft a paragraph for the President's budget message:

". . . arrangements are being made to reduce, by the fall of 1957, existing commitments of the Tennessee Valley Authority to the Atomic Energy Commission by 500,000 to 600,000 kilowatts. This would release the equivalent amount [of TVA power] . . . to meet increased load requirements of other consumers in the power system . . ."

Enter Mr. Dixon

When Congress read this passage on January 21, 1954, it was already a month out of date. For among the contacts McAfee had made was his old friend and associate Edgar H. Dixon, president of Middle South Utilities, Inc., of New York. Dixon had participated with McAfee in Electric Energy, and had also had a large hand in arranging the Ohio Valley Electric Company (O.V.E.C.), the utility combine that had built the giant plant to supply the AEC installation at Portsmouth, Ohio. Dixon didn't think much of the proposal to build another private plant for Paducah. What he wanted to build was a plant near Memphis to sell power to the TVA. In fact, the preceding October he had made this proposition to TVA.

On December 23, 1953, Dixon had met with Strauss, Williams, and Major General Kenneth D. Nichols, AEC General Manager. He laid out his objections to another plant at Padu-

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cah. He said that if AEC needs were cut back, the Paducah area would be oversupplied with power. Therefore, a private company would have to build stand-by transmission lines out of the area to protect itself against such an eventuality. Furthermore, TVA would have to build new transmission lines to get the released power from Shawnee back to the Memphis area. All this would add tremendously to the cost. It would be better to build a plant near Memphis. In a letter to AEC dated January 4, 1954, McAfee backed Dixon's views.

THE UPSHOT of Dixon's proposal was a lunch in Strauss's office on January 14, attended by Williams and Nichols of the AEC and Hughes and McCandless of Budget. Nichols, who was primarily concerned with a steady power supply for AEC at the cheapest rates possible, strongly supported the Dixon plan because it required no changes in the AEC-TVA contract at Paducah. It was decided to have a meeting on January 20 of all concerned—AEC, Budget, Dixon, and McAfee.

There remained the question of advice on financing. Mr. Hughes undertook to take care of that. On returning to his office, he called Mr. Wenzell of First Boston.

Mr. Wenzell Returns

Wenzell came to Washington on January 18. And at this point the whole issue of conflict of interest arose. Wenzell saw "Mr. Hughes or Mr. Dodge or both"—he didn't recall later—and was told of the meeting that was to take place on January 20. Hughes asked Wenzell to return as consultant on the project. The government would need advice on questions of financing—interest rates, relation of equity capital to bonded indebtedness, etc. Wenzell agreed and then went to the AEC for a conference with Strauss that had been arranged by Hughes.

THIS MEETING is extremely important to the Administration's later claim that it was completely unaware of any conflict of interest, for Wenzell's and Strauss's testimonies are sharply contradictory.

Wenzell later testified that Strauss "said that these utility people would

Herblock from the Washington *Post*

'I've stopped—now let's forget the whole thing'

be there [on January 20], and he understood I was going to be in there for the Bureau of the Budget, and . . . he suggested [that I talk] . . . with Mr. Williams . . ." Wenzell further testified: ". . . I explained to him [Strauss] what my work had been in the Bureau in the summer . . . my whole connection there. . ."

Strauss later insisted in testimony and a press release that he had no knowledge of Wenzell's connection with the Bureau of the Budget. He pointed out that Wenzell had registered at the AEC on January 18 and on subsequent visits "as from the First Boston Corporation and it can only have been in that capacity that I saw him." Wenzell said his registering as from First Boston was merely "force of habit."

Wenzell returned to New York that night and the next day brought back with him—at Hughes's request, he testified—Paul L. Miller, a First Boston vice-president who had worked on the O.V.E.C. financing. They called on both Hughes at the Budget and Williams at the AEC, and stayed overnight in Washington.

The January 20 Meeting

At the January 20, 1954, meeting the Dixon-Yates contract began to take shape. The meeting was held in two parts. It began at three o'clock in Strauss's office. Present were Deputy General Manager Williams and Assistant General Manager R. W. Cook for the AEC, Hughes and Wenzell for Budget, McAfee of Electric Energy, Dixon of Middle South Utilities, and Miller for First Boston—together with some lesser officials. Strauss sat in for only a few minutes. At four o'clock the principals, ex-

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cepting Strauss, went to Hughes's office.

Dixon reviewed his objections to the Paducah plant, and outlined a plant to be built across the Mississippi at West Memphis, Arkansas, to sell power to TVA. It was proposed that Dixon's Middle South Utilities draw up cost estimates. (McAfee's company had indicated it wouldn't take part in the project.)

This was the turning point. If Dixon's plan had been accepted without change, TVA and its friends in Congress might have raised a fuss, but at least it would have been a straightforward arrangement according to the President's original policy of halting TVA growth.

But the Budget people evidently feared a political storm. This was made evident by an exchange between Kefauver and Dodge:

Q. . . . Why could not the TVA have contracted with Dixon-Yates?

A. Because they had always taken the position they wanted to build the plant themselves.

Just before the meeting broke up, Hughes proposed that AEC, rather than TVA, contract for the construction of the plant and the purchase of the power. According to AEC's own account of the meeting, McAfee and Dixon "questioned this way of going about the problem."

THERE IS now a gap in the record—the most important of all. Some time in the next few days the Hughes plan to have AEC be the contracting agent was adopted. Somehow somebody sold it to Strauss and to Dixon.

There was some awkwardness, however. The President's budget message had said TVA commitments to AEC were to be reduced so that an equivalent amount of power could be released for other TVA consumers.

But under the Dodge-Hughes-Strauss plan, TVA's commitments to AEC were not reduced. The Shawnee contract with Paducah—which had thirteen years to run—would continue in force; the Shawnee power would continue to be pumped into the AEC Paducah plant. All that had been changed was that AEC was now contracting for another 600,000 kilowatts of power—not one kilowatt of which it would use itself.

In an attempt to make this scheme seem to square with the President's budget message, the AEC and the Budget Bureau invented a phrase—"replacement power." The power drawn off TVA at Paducah, it was explained, would be replaced by the AEC purchase at West Memphis. This did not obscure the fact that no TVA power was being released by the AEC to meet TVA's need for other consumers. Congressional critics were not impressed. Senator Kefauver said to Dodge: ". . . you know . . . that the building of this . . . plant . . . did not affect in the slightest the AEC contract with the TVA . . ."

Mr. Wenzell Wears Two Hats

Beginning the first week of February, Wenzell went to work. Hughes had asked him to get "an informed accurate opinion about the cost of money," and, Wenzell testified, "I went to the best people that I knew of . . . the First Boston Corp." Dixon also asked him to get the same advice from First Boston.

In short, Wenzell represented the Budget Bureau in government meetings at which Dixon was present, whereas in private meetings with Dixon, he represented First Boston. Indeed, until April 10, 1954, he was the only contact. "I was the mouthpiece," he told the Securities and Exchange Commission. In trips to New York he kept Miller of First Boston posted, and Miller testified that in this period he "personally hoped" that First Boston would be chosen by Dixon as the financial agent to market the securities. All in all, Wenzell attended twenty meetings connected with the Dixon-Yates deal.

Meanwhile on February 20 Eugene A. Yates, board chairman of the Southern Company, informed AEC his firm would be a partner with Dixon's Middle South in forming the subsidiary, the Mississippi Valley Generating Company, that would build the plant.

On February 25 Dixon sent the first proposal to AEC. The financing provisions had been furnished by Wenzell.

AS WENZELL was helping Dixon get up the February 25 proposal, doubts about his role suddenly assailed him. He is a straightforward man, and he took his doubts to Hughes on February 23 or 24, 1954. Hughes, he said, appeared not to think the question of possible conflict of interest "was as serious [as] I had."

Wenzell then raised the question with First Boston officials, who sent him to the company's counsel, Sullivan & Cromwell. John Raben of that firm told Wenzell to sever his connections with the Budget Bureau "in a formal letter" and "as promptly as possible." He also said First Boston should seriously consider whether it should become financial agent, and if it did, whether to take a fee.

On March 1 or 2, Wenzell spoke to Dodge about resigning because of possible embarrassment if First Boston became financial agent. Dodge, Wenzell testified, thought it was "premature to discuss this or to take it seriously" because Dixon-Yates had so far made only a proposal.

Dodge testified he advised Wenzell to leave "as quickly as possible."

Mr. Wenzell stayed on until April 3.

The Green Light from Ike

The second Dixon-Yates contract proposal was delivered to the AEC on April 10. Again—as Miller of First Boston testified—Wenzell had "transmitted the results of our conclusions to Mr. Dixon." And the AEC general counsel said the same information had been used "in advising the Bureau of the Budget."

None of the other AEC Commissioners (one of the five places was then vacant) liked what Strauss was letting the agency in for. Thomas E. Murray wanted no part of it. On April 16, Commissioners Henry D. Smyth and Eugene M. Zuckert protested to Hughes, who had just become Budget Director on Dodge's resignation, that the contract "involves the AEC in a matter remote from its responsibilities."

The protest made no impression on Strauss or Hughes. On April 24 Hughes sent a memorandum to the President on the Dixon-Yates proposal, recommending approval. No one could call the memorandum either full or explicit, and Gordon Clapp later called it "exceedingly slanted."

Dixon-Yates, however, was con-

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fident enough of the outcome to ask First Boston on May 10 to become financial agent. That confidence was borne out when the President on June 16 directed the AEC to proceed to negotiate a definitive contract on the basis of the April 10 proposal. It called for a $107,250,000 plant at West Memphis to supply 600,000 kilowatts for twenty-five years. The financing provisions were what Wall Street calls a "high-leverage" operation. The ratio of bonded indebtedness to the Dixon-Yates equity was 95 to 5 per cent. The usual percentage of bonded indebtedness is from 40 to 60.

As a result of TVA criticism of the Dixon-Yates figures (Clapp had been finally informed of the Dixon-Yates project on March 3, 1954) Dixon-Yates, in its second proposal, had been forced to reduce sharply the cost estimates and consequently the rate to be charged for power.

The President did not reappoint Gordon Clapp, who had served twenty-one years with TVA, when his term as Chairman expired May 18.

THE PRESIDENT's green light set the Democrats to howling, and on July 1 the Senate monopoly subcommittee (then under Senator William L. Langer, who cannot, strictly speaking, be considered a Republican on this question) issued a subpoena for Dixon and Yates. By coincidence, on that same day First Boston's executive committee discussed—more than four months after its counsel advised it to do so—the wisdom of taking a fee.

As the subcommittee's hearings continued and Democratic Senators fulminated during the debate on the Atomic Energy bill, reporters' questions at the President's press conferences got sharper, until on August 18 he said testily, according to the conventional third-person paraphrase then used in reporting his conferences:

"Of course he approved the recommendations for this action, and every single official action he took involving the contractual relationships of the United States with anybody, and except only when the question of national security was directly involved, was open to the public. Any one of you present might . . . go to the Bureau of the Budget, to the chief of the Atomic Energy Commission, and get the complete record from the inception of the idea to this very minute . . ."

As good as his word, the President ordered the documents got together and released. They were issued on August 21. But Strauss and Hughes didn't quite follow through on the President's action. There was no mention of Wenzell, Miller, or First Boston. Many meetings were not even mentioned. Of course no one was the wiser, because the names of Wenzell and Miller and First Boston had not been breathed by witnesses at the Langer hearings.

Nor were they mentioned when the hearings were resumed in the fall. But First Boston's executive committee took the precaution of confirming on October 21 "our earlier decision [no decision had been recorded in the July 1 meeting's minutes] not to accept compensation . . . except . . . for out-of-pocket expenses . . ."

According to testimony of one of its officers, First Boston based its decision on three grounds. First, the Dixon-Yates contract involved national defense, since AEC was the contractor. (First Boston had taken a $150,000 fee for financing the O.V.E.C. contract with AEC.) Second, the fee would be so low as to embarrass the company and set a bad precedent. "Third, we arrived at the decision to dispel any doubts or suspicions . . . that the prior activities of Mr. Wenzell with the Director of the Budget . . . would mean that we might profit from any such transaction."

On November 10, 1954, AEC and Dixon-Yates signed the contract. Under the pact the Securities and Exchange Commission had still to approve the financing arrangements.

And on November 17 First Boston orally advised Dixon that there would be no fee.

'How long do you think it'll stay radioactive?'

Senator Hill's Discovery

Early in February, 1955, Senator Lister Hill of Alabama was going through testimony on the Dixon-Yates financing before executive hearings of the SEC. He came upon a memo written by T. G. Seal, an officer of Ebasco Services, Inc. Hill was immediately interested because Ebasco, a subsidiary of Electric Bond & Share, had been employed by Electric Energy, Inc., to build the Joppa plant to supply power to AEC at Paducah. The AEC had dismissed Ebasco from the job for running $51 million over estimates. This became known as the "Ebasco fiasco." But Dixon planned to use Ebasco again for the West Memphis project. (Middle South and Ebasco share the same office and have the same telephone number in New York.)

The Seal memo contained this information: ". . . Mr. Wenzell rejoined me in our office . . . when he had finished his day with the Budget Bureau people . . ."

Hill had never heard the name Wenzell before. He was doubly interested because Strauss, testifying before the Joint Atomic Energy Committee on November 6, 1954—only three months earlier—had said: "I have no knowledge of any consultants that Mr. Dodge may have had, or whether he had any." Strauss had also been asked if there was a broker in the project and had answered "No."

On February 11 Hill called the Budget Bureau to find out who Wenzell was. Hughes replied the same day:

"Bureau of the Budget records show that on May 20, 1953, Mr. Wenzell was invited to serve as consultant . . . to Mr. Joseph M. Dodge, then Director of the Bureau of the Budget. Mr. Wenzell's consultative services were used intermittently for a total of 34 days between May 20,

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1953, and March 2, 1954, when he completed his work.

"Mr. Dodge advises me that Mr. Wenzell was engaged as a technical expert . . . regarding the accounting system of the Tennessee Valley Authority . . ."

This was the reply of the man who had edited the Wenzell report in 1953, had called him down to Washington on January 14, 1954, on the Dixon-Yates matter, had sat in several meetings with him, conferred with him privately, and talked with him about possible conflict of interest.

On February 18, 1955, Senator Hill made a speech. By that time he knew a good deal more about who Wenzell was. He read Hughes's letter and then said, "There exists persuasive evidence that this man [Wenzell] participated in conferences and meetings on the Dixon-Yates matter, which were held in the Budget Bureau at the very time when the First Boston company was making arrangements for financing the Dixon-Yates plant. . . ."

Hughes sent a copy of the Senator's speech to the President, and went over and talked to him about it. On his own testimony he gave the President "the information" that Senator Hill's charge "was not true."

First Boston officials were worried by the Hill speech—they testified later that there never had been any "secret" about First Boston's being the agent.

They were even more disturbed by Hughes's letter and—somewhat belatedly—by the omissions in the "complete" record issued the preceding August. At a meeting of board chairman Woods, Wenzell, and Arthur H. Dean of Sullivan & Cromwell on February 19, 1955, it was decided that Wenzell should go to Washington and speak to Hughes. Somehow Wenzell never did. But a call was made, suggesting that Hughes's letter to Senator Hill was not as informative as it might have been.

So on March 16, 1955, Hughes again undertook to complete the record. He wrote to Senator Hill:

". . . . Although the condition and nature of Mr. Wenzell's services are as set forth in that letter [of February 11], supplementary information as to the period when his services were used has come to my attention . . . our records show that Mr. Wenzell attended . . . a few meetings between March 2 and April 3, 1954. Our records further show that these meetings were concerned with the technical aspects of the [Dixon-Yates] proposal . . ."

Hughes, of course, had been present at meetings with Wenzell between January 18 and April 3.

On the Trail

The next three months were quiet on the surface, but not in the staff of the Kefauver subcommittee. The Democrats were on the scent now. Dixon was apprehensive; he was scheduled to go before the SEC in the late spring. He asked First Boston to put in writing that there was to be no fee. Woods did so on May 6. "If," he wrote Dixon, "you wish to reimburse us for our out-of-pocket expenses, they have amounted to date to $244.84." But, Woods assured him, "From its inception we have regarded our services in this matter as falling within the category of the public interest."

When Kefauver asked Woods later whether he had given these services to Dixon-Yates "without any expectation," Woods replied: "Well, we certainly weren't doing it without hope. . ."

Events in the summer of 1955 came tumbling so fast that they must be put down in diary form.

June 13. The House was scheduled to begin debate on a $6.5-million appropriation for a transmission line that would connect TVA and Dixon-Yates lines in mid-river. This day also Wenzell was to begin public testimony before the SEC. That morning, SEC Chairman J. Sinclair Armstrong put off the Wenzell hearings. Democratic members immediately suspected White House intervention for fear Wenzell's testimony would jeopardize the bill. (Three days later Wenzell testified and the bill passed.)

June 23. The Memphis City Council voted to construct its own power plant.

June 27. The Kefauver subcommittee opened its hearings. Among those scheduled to testify were Dodge, Hughes, Wenzell, Miller, Woods, and Armstrong. The first witness was Budget Director Hughes. These were some of the things he said under oath—

Concerning Wenzell: "He never had anything to do with the policy of Dixon-Yates . . ."

Concerning Miller of First Boston: "Never met Mr. Miller; don't know him."

Concerning First Boston's being the financial agent: "I don't know any such thing to be the case. . . . I still don't believe it. . ." (Senator Kefauver said: ". . . this is a very confused situation. Admiral Strauss thought of Mr. Wenzell only as the representative of the First Boston Corp. Here is Mr. Hughes who does not know yet whether the First Boston Corp. got the business or not.")

Concerning the omissions of all mention of Wenzell and First Boston from the chronological "record": He regarded Wenzell's role as unimportant. Asked why there had also been no mention of Wenzell in the AEC chronology: "I imagine he [Strauss] decided it for the Atomic Energy; I decided it for the Budget Bureau." (AEC Assistant Manager R. W. Cook later testified that the AEC chronology had originally mentioned Wenzell, but that all reference to him had been deleted at the request of the Budget Bureau.)

Concerning the President's knowledge of the affair, this exchange took place:

Q. Mr. Hughes, did you tell the President . . . that you had one of your negotiators . . . working these things up when at the very same time he was employed by the First Boston Corp. . . . ?

A. He knows, of course, that we had an expert working on this thing, and he knows his name and his connection and all about him. In fact, he approved him before we got him down here . . .

Q. He [the President] thinks that it is all right [to have Wenzell representing both the government and First Boston]?

A. Well, it is one of those situations which arise from time to time.

June 28. Over at the AEC, Commissioner Murray moved to drop the project since Memphis was going to build its own plant. Chair-

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man Strauss and Commissioner John von Neumann voted against the motion; Commissioner Libby abstained. Strauss was reported to have told Murray that he would resign if he couldn't follow a Presidential directive.

OVER at the Budget Bureau, Kefauver subcommittee staff members, acting on the President's old invitation to go to the Bureau and get every single document, asked for Wenzell's 1953 report. They were refused. With the President's approval, Hughes wrote to Kefauver explaining that "we operate under the President's general instructions [on Executive privilege] with regard to interoffice and intraoffice staff material," and that the Wenzell report "as a confidential document . . . therefore cannot be made available." (It had been made available to Herbert Hoover and also to Woods of First Boston.)

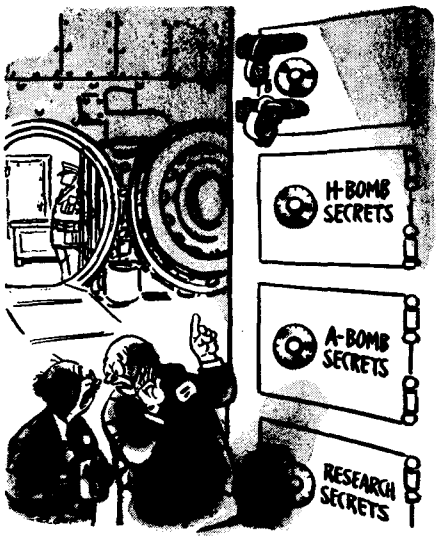
June 29. At his press conference this day the President said: ". . . Mr. Hughes, Mr. Strauss . . . got together every single document that was pertinent . . . and put it out. Now . . . Mr. Wenzell was never called in or asked a single thing about the Dixon-Yates contract."

June 30. The President ordered Strauss and Hughes to consider whether to cancel Dixon-Yates because of Memphis's action.

July 6. Replying to a reporter's question whether he still thought Wenzell's role proper, the President said, "Indeed, yes."

On this day also, Miller began testimony before the Kefauver subcommittee. Much of the questioning dealt with First Boston's refusal of a fee. Senator Joseph O'Mahoney (D., Wyoming) asked Miller whether he could recollect that First Boston had ever "pushed" a negotiation for financing $92 million in bonds and $27 million in 3.25 per cent notes "as a public service . . . without any desire to obtain compensation . . ." Miller said, "I cannot, sir." In fact, he knew of no other time that First Boston had refused a fee.

July 8, 12, 19. Wenzell testified. He told the subcommittee that prior to his appearance, Hughes had twice called him to suggest that " . . . I ought to talk to somebody in the Department of Justice to see the extent to which I should answer questions." He had gone and "told this man my story . . . and he could see no reason why I shouldn't answer questions." Wenzell answered them. He gave a chronological account of his service and all meetings. These were some of the things he said—



'The top top one? That's the Dixon-Yates contract'

Concerning Hughes's statement that he had no knowledge that First Boston was to be financial agent: "I made it abundantly clear to him."

Concerning Hughes's not knowing Miller, this exchange took place:

Q. Did you introduce him to Mr. Miller?

A. To the best of my recollection, I did.

Q. Did you conceal from him that Mr. Miller represented First Boston?

A. I did not.

Concerning Strauss's testimony before the Joint Atomic Energy Committee that he did not know of Wenzell's connection with the Budget, this exchange occurred:

Q. Did you tell Admiral Strauss you were a representative of the Budget, a consultant of Mr. Hughes?

A. Yes, sir.

July 11. The President canceled the Dixon-Yates contract.

July 13. SEC Chairman Armstrong testified that Wenzell's appearance before the SEC on June 13 had been postponed at the request of Sherman Adams. That same day AEC counsel William Mitchell told the subcommittee he regarded the cancellation penalties in the Dixon-Yates contract as a "valid and binding obligation" on the government.

DURING the summer recess, the AEC did some studying of the record. On November 23 it notified Dixon-Yates on advice of counsel that it could not recognize the contract as a binding obligation. On what did counsel Mitchell base this opinion?

"Based upon the facts . . . the decisions of the courts, and the opinions of the Attorney General, I am of the opinion that there is a substantial question as to whether there were material violations of law and public policy in the inception of the contract which would result in its being held invalid by the courts. . . . it appears that Wenzell, while having a conflicting private interest, acted as one of the principal advisers of the government in the negotiation and formation of the terms of reference upon which the contract was founded . . . The conflicting private interest . . . was not known to his superiors in the government [Strauss and Hughes] and only came to light recently."

In testimony before the subcommittee on December 5, Hughes and Strauss stuck to that story. Asked whether Wenzell's talk with him as early as February, 1954, about First Boston's becoming financial agent had not put him on notice of possible conflict of interest, Hughes replied that there had been no contract then. Strauss maintained that he had learned of Wenzell's position in the Budget Bureau only in late July or August, 1955. But his Assistant General Manager, R. W. Cook, said he knew of it from the early stages of the negotiations.

On December 13 Dixon-Yates sued the government to recover $3,534,778 in expenses on behalf of itself, its legal counsel, and its subcontractors.

PRESUMABLY when the case comes to court, a number of things will be cleared up, for the Dixon-Yates attorneys may be expected to challenge the government's statement that it was unaware of Mr. Wenzell's two hats. But the question of why Dodge, Hughes, and Strauss did what they did must be left to historians of this Administration.

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How France Lost the Election

EDMOND TAYLOR

In France, particularly in the provinces, most candidates base their campaigns on the traditional public meeting as it has been formally established by law. This Gallic analogue of the New England town meeting is one of the most impressive and picturesque institutions of French democracy. It may be held in a big-town auditorium, in a high-school gymnasium, a covered market, or a community hall. In the small villages it is usually held in the schoolhouse or town hall. An energetic candidate tries to hold two or more public meetings every day, the ideal being to hold one in every community of his electoral district.

Usually the meeting is called to order by the candidate, but under French law it must then elect a chairman and two assessors. Ordinarily the candidate nominates the local mayor and he in turn proposes the assessors, all of whom are considered automatically elected by acclamation. The duties of the chairman and the two assessors are to ensure that the meeting proceeds in an orderly way (by French standards) and above all that every member of the audience who wishes to comment on the candidate's remarks or to question him be given the floor to do so. This right of "contradiction" is frequently exploited by rival candidates who by appearing as "contradictors"—as the Communist leader Jacques Duclos did at Mendès-France's meeting in Paris—convert the occasion into a full-dress debate.

When the public meeting is not an oratorical duel between opposing champions it is a verbal *corrida* with the candidate in the role of the sacrificial bull.

In addition to being really democratic in its procedure, the public meeting in France has a kind of ceremonial democracy about it, somewhat like baseball games or prize fights in America. The mystic ideal of equality is achieved by the very act of entering the meeting place. Everyone is there in his capacity as citizen, and private debates spring

Mendès-France

up before, after, and even during the main discussion. The local poacher, in muddy rubber boots and corduroy jacket, argues heatedly with the biggest landowner, wearing tailored riding pants and sporting a monocle; pony-tailed young girls try to achieve the Left-Bank look while laying down the Mendésiste law to some beefy, red-faced parish boss; the white-goateed high-school teacher patiently analyzes the fallacies of Poujadism for his butcher.

There Must Be Villains

Nobody who has sat through a few of these electoral meetings can doubt that the French have democracy in their bones, whatever goes on at times in their heads. And what goes on in their heads today is by no means uniformly discouraging or disturbing. Judging by the electoral meetings I covered in fifteen of the ninety Metropolitan *départements*, the voters were primarily and seriously concerned about important national issues. Of course every public meeting turned up some kind of local or red-herring issue plugged by special-interest groups, like the *bouilleurs de cru* (licensed home distillers of fiery potions) who systematically heckled and bedeviled Mendès-France all over the Eure, his home *département*. But the main interest clearly lay in major problems like Algeria, European policy, and constitutional reform. My overwhelming impression was that as far as these key problems are concerned the "immobilism" of the French countryside is a myth. A vast majority of the French people are clearly ready to support liberal, humane, imaginative solutions to the Algerian problem and to colonial problems generally, to approve modernization of France's patently unsatisfactory political system, to back closer European and Atlantic co-operation, and to speed up the pace of economic and social progress at home.

The electoral meeting in France involves serious discussion of real problems, but at bottom it is a folk festival, a political melodrama—and a melodrama needs a villain. During the recent campaign the names of the villains varied from meeting to meeting. At some places it was "the Left" or "the Reds," including of course Mendès-France and such fiery anti-Communists as Mendès's Socialist ally, Guy Mollet. More often—for the dead hand of the past seems to weigh more heavily in some respects on the parties of progress than on those of tradition—the villain was "reaction" or "the Right" or "the bourgeois class." It is necessary only to look at the variety of costume represented in a typical meeting of either Right or Left to realize that these appellations no longer correspond to any social reality. Recent sociological studies of French political parties have stressed the extremely varied social structure of all of them. I know of a Communist duke, and there are thousands of

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Mollet

Faure

Poujade

day laborers who steadfastly vote the conservative Independent ticket of Antoine Pinay. In the absence of any really valid criterion for determining what is Right and what is Left, there is a tendency to fall back on the issues that have traditionally divided the two camps in the past, above all the clerical issue. At a village meeting in the Dordogne, north of Bordeaux, I heard a Socialist candidate explain why it had been necessary to refuse endorsement to another local candidate. This man, the outgoing Deputy André Denis, had been expelled from the predominantly Catholic M.R.P. for leftist deviations, and on many issues over the years had demonstrated that he was rather to the left of his Socialist colleagues. He was an ardent supporter of Mendès-France. Yet after the opening of the current campaign, he had "betrayed" the Republican cause by writing a letter to some local "reactionaries" that raised a doubt as to whether he was irrevocably and in all circumstances opposed to any kind of state aid to parochial schools. Obviously he couldn't be endorsed.

To an outsider, this sounds like the most sinister kind of nonsense. From the viewpoint of Mendès-France and his Socialist allies in the Republican Front, it is all the more sinister because it plays into the hands of the Communists, who have been stressing an anti-clerical front as a steppingstone to a *Front Populaire.*

Yet, judging again from the meetings I covered, the French electorate expects to hear this kind of nonsense from its candidates, and the whole mythical issue of a republican Left vs. the clerical Right seems an essential catalyst for producing high morale—and therefore action—within the Republican Front. The old ideological chestnuts roasted in the fire of the Dreyfus affair and other nineteenth-century battles still have an emotional appeal, while the contemporary problem of defending democracy against totalitarianism of the Right and the Left is too new to touch any responsive chords, even when it is admitted as an intellectual imperative.

Sabotage—from Left and Right

This is all the more unfortunate because the campaign furnished some striking examples of how democratic parties in a thoroughly democratic land can be defeated by the superior organization and total lack of scruple of their totalitarian enemies, especially when the two extremes work in collusion, as they sometimes did.

Because of its intensely democratic character, inclining at times to a certain amount of good-humored rowdyism, the "debate" at the electoral meetings is exposed to sabotage, especially in the villages. Usually the law is represented by a doddering *garde champêtre* who lights the fire in the pot-bellied stove before the meeting and then keeps out of sight as much as possible—especially if trouble seems to be brewing. Occasionally, on their own initiative or at the candidate's request, the authorities dispatch a few gendarmes or mobile guards to keep order outside the meeting hall and quell any really serious riot that might break out, but such protective forces cannot be everywhere and most candidates would rather do without protection than give the impression of needing it.

Communists and Poujadists exploited this situation to the hilt. The Communists usually refrained from physical violence but broke up many meetings simply by systematic heckling and noisemaking. The Poujadists improved on these basic sabotage tactics by throwing tomatoes or other vegetables at the candidate, by slamming chairs around, and by acting tough generally. Occasionally they threw huge, rock-hard turnips, clods of plaster, or even bottles, and beat up or sequestered opposing candidates and their supporters. Various other extreme-Right elements frequently joined in the sabotage of meetings, but the Poujadists were easily distinguishable by their discipline. Their instructions were to be rough but not too rough, and most of the time they obeyed them strictly.

To my knowledge the Poujadists never raided a Communist meeting and the Communists left them alone too. Communist and Poujadist sabotage squads sometimes mingled and even supported each other in trying to break up meetings, but for the most part they tried to avoid any direct encounters. Their collusion was on the tactical level and apparently sprang not from any formal alliance but from a common intent to make trouble. Each party

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simply recognized in the other a useful agent of destruction whose effects could be estimated in advance and then exploited.

THE EFFECTS of totalitarian sabotage of democratic meetings were visible in a number of districts. Some candidates curtailed their schedules of public meetings or gave them up altogether. Timorous citizens—fortunately rarer in France than in most countries—avoided meetings where they feared there might be serious trouble. In many cases candidates were discredited in the eyes of their potential constituents by their inability to cope with the organized heckling or because they betrayed fear of physical attack—obviously one of the major objectives of the Poujadist psychological warfare.

Perhaps the gravest aspect of the Poujadist campaign was not the sabotage of individual meetings but the sabotage of democratic decency through the systematic anti-Semitic propaganda of the Poujadist agitators. Most of the time the Poujadist anti-Semitism was indirect and veiled —"Mendès isn't a *real* Frenchman"— but it was unmistakable. Along with the organized, disciplined violence of Poujadism, the pervasive anti-Semitism of the movement seems sufficient to establish its essentially fascist character.

It turned out that the Poujadists had been systematically preparing their electoral campaign for eighteen months before they knew the date of the elections and had amassed—partly from dues, partly from the contributions of a few wealthy backers who have so far managed to keep their identities secret—a campaign chest of some $3 million, an enormous fund by French standards.

Ganging Up on Mitterand

One target of both Communist and Poujadist sabotage was François Mitterand, thirty-nine-year-old leader of the U.D.S.R., the smallest of the four parties in the Republican Front. Mitterand was seeking re-election in the *département* of the Nièvre, a hilly wooded region of small farms and small factory towns astride the upper Loire. The Poujadists wanted to make an example of Mitterand because as Minister of the Interior in the Mendès-France government he had called out the black-helmeted national security police to quell Poujadist tax riots. The Communists wanted to drive him out of public life because they looked on him, with considerable justification, as the Republican Front leader who could be counted on to take the strongest stand against any trifling with the idea of forming a Popular Front.

The two totalitarian groups poured money and trained agitators into the Nièvre to beat Mitterand. Poujadist goon squads mobilized from adjoining *départements* systematically broke up meeting after meeting and beat up Mitterand's

Duclos

adherents. They bloodied Mitterand's nose. Poujade paid Mitterand the rare compliment of appearing in person to "contradict" him at one of his meetings, while Madame Poujade egged on the hoodlums with screams of "Squash him like a slug!" Oddly enough, the meeting wound up amicably with Poujade and Mitterand waving friendly salutations to each other while their respective followers roared out a defiant "Marseillaise," the traditional French device for stopping a riot before it begins.

Mitterand's electoral position in the Nièvre was shaky when the campaign opened. He had refused to form an electoral alliance along the normal Republican Front lines with the local Socialist candidates because they had favored an alliance with the Communists. To pick up a few votes, he allied himself with a small middle-of-the-road farm group, which caused him to be accused of "reactionary alliances" by the Mendésiste Radicals in the Nièvre—a vivid and by no means isolated example of the fragility of Mendès-France's Republican Front.

DESPITE ALL THIS, and despite the Communist-Poujadist sabotage of his meetings, Mitterand won back his seat and actually gained some votes over his 1951 record.

The reasons for his victory seemed pretty clear to me after I had covered a Mitterand meeting at the village of Varzy in the northern part of the Nièvre. The Poujadists by that time had stopped pelting Mitterand with vegetables, but a band of twenty or more toughs kept up an infernal racket and so intimidated the two hundred-odd local peasants in the hall that the chairman and the two assessors—one an old woman who had been somewhat transparently appointed in the hope of averting trouble—were reluctant to take up their duties. Mitterand, a dark-haired, handsome man with smoldering dark eyes and a pugnacious chin, sat motionless on the speaker's platform with his arms folded, waiting for the hecklers to quiet down. They did after about twenty minutes. Then Mitterand got up and deliberately provoked them by explaining to the audience that while the Poujadists liked to make a lot of noise, they lacked the courage to do anything else. The night before, Mitterand had called Poujade the French equivalent of "chicken" to his face and described him as a "behind-the-counter fascist." The Varzy meeting proved to be the turning point in Mitterand's campaign, though a few nights later he collapsed from exhaustion and had to be hospitalized.

The Price of Progress

Mitterand's courage, his cool audacity, was certainly one of the big factors in his victory. And one of the lessons of the campaign seems to be that in a situation like that prevailing here now, successful democratic leaders have to be men of outstand-

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ing physical as well as moral courage.

"Poujadism is fascism," I heard him explain at Varzy with unmistakable sincerity, "but no revolutionary movement can achieve the discipline and the dynamism that the Poujade movement has displayed unless it is based on real and intolerable injustice."

The point Mitterand was trying to drive home was that democratic parties must become more alert in order to recognize and alleviate hardship and social injustice. And the results of the elections have underscored his argument that the national economy can be generally expanding at a satisfactory rate while still leaving significant pockets of stagnation and misery. France is prosperous today and the general living standard is rising, but the living standard of millions of Frenchmen is stuck at an intolerably low level or is even declining. Some of this suffering is due to industrial bottlenecks, like those responsible for the chronic French housing crisis. Other cases of hardship are the direct result of technological progress as small merchants and artisans and peasants are squeezed out of a livelihood by increases in productivity that make them superfluous. Some industrial workers—in the textile industry, for example—are also being hard hit by technological unemployment.

These victims of progress, particularly the shopkeepers and artisans, have become the forgotten men of France because democratic political leaders—including those of the Republican Front—have tended to put the emphasis on abstractions like "expansion" and "modernization" rather than on the human realities. Even obsolete social categories can vote—and they can also use their fists, and eventually guns. This truism has been generally overlooked by leaders of the democratic parties, both those on the right and those on the left of Center.

THESE LEADERS are paying the penalty now, and perhaps they deserve it. It would be easy to sum up the results of the elections with this moral, were it not that with the victories of the extremes—and with the weakening of the Center—France is the loser.

Miscalculation In Jordan

HAL LEHRMAN

AMMAN

I WAS waiting in my beleaguered hotel here Wednesday morning before Christmas for a police escort to come and take me to the latest riot when somebody read me an editorial out of that day's *Falastin* by one Yahya Hawwash, who will henceforth and forever be known to all English-speaking residents of Jordan as Hogwash. The tourist season, he wrote, might be ruined by "unfounded reports abroad" of trouble in Jordan—and the Bureau of Tourism ought to do something fast about "frustrating such propaganda."

Britain was losing ground by the minute just then, but here was

dazzling local proof of its profound cultural influence in favor of understatement. For six robust days the Hashemite Kingdom had been rocking with mob and military violence. There were already fifteen killed and 150 wounded according to the army's count, fifty killed and 350 wounded according to the rioters' count. Foreign consulates and properties had been stoned, defaced, or invaded. Two Cabinets had fallen and Parliament had been dissolved. The only "tourist" with any desire to linger was the new deputy chief of the American Point Four Program, who had been unable to get nearer his job than the hotel gate since his arrival three days earlier.

The spark for this quaint Yule celebration was a British effort to coax Jordan into the Bagdad Pact. This covenant, in a way, is John Foster Dulles's major contribution to Middle East regional defense. It implements his State Department's concept of a "Northern Tier" stretching under the Soviet Union's hard underbelly from Turkey to Pakistan. Already allied with Turkey and Pakistan are Iran and Iraq, as physical parts of the Tier, and Britain as a spiritual part of it, with the United States standing gingerly by in "liaison." The alliance is toothless and embryonic, as I had learned a week earlier in Bagdad. Its single distinction to date is the accession of Iraq, the first and only Arab state to concede that the Soviet Union may just possibly be a threat even to Arabs.

Israel is not entirely delighted with Iraq's perspicacity, because Iraq is thereby earning Anglo-American arms that might some day be turned against the "Zionists" to the southeast instead of against the northern enemy. In 1948 the Iraqi Army was one of seven that attacked the Israeli part of partitioned Palestine. But Israel is not alone in its suspicion of the Bagdad Pact, and its coolness is as nothing compared with the frigidity of certain other forces that disagree totally with Israel on all other matters.

Ring of Hostility

Medieval Saudi Arabia, with unlimited oil royalties available, spends lavishly on gold-plated American cars, air conditioning, journeys abroad with vast retinues—and the purchase of newspapers, politicians, and political influence in other Arab countries. On the throne of Iraq sits young Feisal, on Jordan's is young Hussein, sprigs of the Hashemite family that Ibn Saud drove from the Hejaz after the First World War. Anything that makes Iraq and Jor

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dan stronger (a military link with the West) is iniquitous; anything that makes them weaker (the discrediting of that link) is worth buying. A large bloc of Deputies in the last Jordanian Parliament were on the Saudi payroll, and with them King Hussein's mother, Queen Zein.

Like torpid King Farouk before him, Premier Gamal Abdel Nasser of Egypt considers himself the biggest frog in the Middle East pond. Egyptian influence southward has been rebuffed by the Sudanese option for independence, and Egypt's influence westward in North Africa is still experimental. Iraq's entry into an Anglo-American defense system broke the solid Arab front against alliance with "Israel-loving imperialists." Worse, it gave Iraq an advantage over Egypt in the contest for area hegemony. Jordan's entry would have meant not only Egypt's further decline but the beginning of its isolation as well.

Syria is fanatically anti-Israel, therefore anti-West. Since the Bagdad Pact, Syria has dissociated itself even more from Iraq and aligned itself with Egypt and Saudi Arabia.

A defensive military grouping of states along the southern frontiers of the Soviet Union must, by Kremlin definition, be "an aggressive alignment." Moscow has labeled the pact "a cold-war act." The Communist Party in Jordan is underground, its leadership not very choice. On a trickle of funds from brethren in Syria, it publishes tracts spasmodically, throws pamphlets furtively over garden walls, and passes most of its time hiding from police. But like the party everywhere, it has the best discipline and organization in the country, by native standards. Its ideas are especially cherished among schoolmasters—and in the Arab world schoolchildren are the shock troops of street riots.

ROUGHLY ONE-THIRD of Jordan's 1,500,000 population are "west-bankers"—from that part of Palestine west of the River Jordan which was annexed after partition by King Abdullah, later assassinated by a Palestinian Arab. Approximately another third are refugees from that part of Palestine which became Israel. Some 120,000 west-bankers live in "front-line villages" that used to cultivate land now on the other side of the armistice line.

Two out of every three refugees are still on U.N. rations, and 150,000 of them still live in thirty refugee camps. These camps, spread mainly up and down the west-bank side, are grouped in a kind of federation, with a "political action" headquarters in Amman and good telephone connections. The Palestinians dream of a "second round" against Israel, or of its extinction by economic asphyxia. They are a formidable element in Jordan's politics, controlling nearly half of the Cabinet, most of the commercial and intellectual life, and three of the four newspapers. They oppose the Bagdad Pact because: It contains hated Turkey, which trades with hated Israel; it is supported by Britain and the United States, the powers "responsible" for Israel's birth and continued existence; it falsely sets up Russia as the enemy and tries to distract the Arab mind from Israel, which everybody knows is the "real and only" foe; it even seeks to trick the Arabs into a settlement with Israel short of Israel's disappearance, on the pretext of tranquillizing the Middle East for purposes of anti-Soviet defense.

The Wonder Pill

The combination of Saudi gold, Egyptian and Syrian agents also armed with Saudi gold, and Communist *provocateurs*—all applied to a population already largely persuaded—might have given pause to the British, even though Jordan's army and treasury live off British subsidy. Moreover, there had been omens that any attempt to shoehorn Jordan into the pact would encounter other difficulties.

Turkish President Celâl Bayar had made an extensive state visit in early November to soften Jordan up. The government gave old Celâl gala treatment, with a white-tie-and-tails reception very rare in provincial Amman. But the town closed its shops and went on sullen strike.

Late in November, Major General Abdel Hakim Amer, Egyptian commander-in-chief, received a hero's welcome from Jordanian press and public. A few weeks later Britain's General Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial Staff, arrived—with the Bagdad Pact and high hopes in his kit.

The visit of this former High Commissioner of Malaya (later Radio Cairo was to refer to him twice daily as the "Butcher of Malaya") was ostensibly planned to discuss revision of the Anglo-Jordanian Treaty, for which Amman had long been pressing though it still had some fifteen years to run. The General was proposing Jordan's alignment with the Bagdad signatories in exchange for replacement of Jordan's existing treaty by one that would be much more favorable, generously larger British economic assistance, significant expansion of the Arab Legion, plus gifts of tanks, guns, and other heavy equipment—all to be serviced and maintained at British expense.

The offer was so handsome that it tempted even the Palestinian negotiators. Like a single wonder pill, it would banish Jordan's current economic headaches, wipe out unemployment, and beef up the army. Only Israel could reasonably object: The Legion in 1948 had been the only Arab army to put up a good fight against Israel. Well, what would be bad for Israel would be good for Jordan, wouldn't it?

The Cabinet, in fact, reached the point of unanimously subscribing to Templer's offer—"in principle." But then four Palestinian members, dreading the wrath of their constituents, hunted for cover. They declared that before the General was notified of acceptance, his plan should be submitted to "one Arab state" so that the purity of Jordan's intentions might be approved. That state, of course, was Egypt, now the darling of Araby because of Nasser's bold stroke against "imperialism" in the Czech arms deal. It was obvious that Egypt would shout "No!"

Who'll Bell the Cat?

The Cabinet adjourned without decision on this bizarre proposal. Before it could reconvene, the Palestinians deemed it healthier to resign. Word began to leak out of an ominous crisis over the Bagdad Pact. Premier Saïd al-Mufti—member of the tiny Circassian minority which might be liquidated by popular ire if he made a wrong move—quit too. So did the rest of the Ministers. King

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Hussein summoned Deputy Premier and Interior Minister Hazza al-Majali to form a new government. At this point, Wednesday, December 14, Sir Gerald departed for London, apparently in good spirits because Majali was a friend of the pact. Recently, Majali had completed successful talks for an Iraqi loan. (It escaped attention that, also recently, Majali as Interior Minister had granted amnesty to a swarm of political prisoners, including Communists, "in response to public demands.")

LATE WEDNESDAY, the recalcitrant Palestinian former Ministers decamped to their home towns to justify their resignation. In Amman, alerted refugee-camp delegates drew up a tentative program of blitz action: strikes, then street demonstrations, then revolt; finally, if necessary, attack on the Throne. Target: to torpedo Majali's "pact government." On the spot was created a "Secret Resistance Committee Against the Turko-Iraqi Pact." Orders went by telephone to the camps, followed by messengers with Circular No. 1: "The people of Jordan are warned to stand by for Circular No. 2 concerning a combined resistance of camps and residents against the Majali Cabinet."

On Thursday, twenty notables of Nablus, a west-bank town with a large refugee center, obtained a royal audience in Amman to demand Majali's departure. The King, all of twenty-one years old, stoutly told them it was his constitutional right as chief of state to designate his chief of government; if they had any grievance, they should discuss it with his First Minister. They did —and brought fiery tidings back to Nablus that Majali had, in effect, challenged them to fight him. On Thursday night, Circular No. 2 went forth: ". . . you are instructed to implement the decisions taken for strikes etcetera until Majali has resigned." From the Egyptian capital, which was notably well informed from the outset, the notorious ex-Mufti Haj Amin al-Husseini of Jerusalem dashed off one telegram to the King and another to the Premier denouncing "attempts by imperialism and its hirelings to compel Jordan into the Bagdad Pact." Jordanian students demonstrated in front of their Cairo Embassy. In Jerusalem, the Palestinian-owned and -staffed press broke into panic headlines. Here is a day-by-day account of the events that followed.

The Drums Roll

Friday, December 22: The Moslem Sabbath, hence little overt action, but widespread preparations for the inevitable outburst. The only disturbance occurred at Nablus: After failing to ignite the local governor's residence, a crowd hauled down the Union Jack at the British Consulate and made off with the consular shield.

Saturday: Nablus again. The town's womenfolk staged a screaming processional, aided by students. A Nablus telegram to west-bank

Ministers in the government said: ". . . Indignant at your participation . . . [in] the conspiracy against the slaughtered homeland." . . . At Hebron three refugee camps flouted the Mayor-Sheikh's inviolability as a religious leader and demonstrated against him. (He had agreed to be Majali's Agriculture Minister.)

In the north, at Irbid, schoolboys quit classes and clamored for secession to Syria. . . . Serious trouble at Jericho, where mobs burned $65,000 of clothing supplies for refugees inside a Pennsylvania Dutch Mennonite storehouse and besieged the residence of the missionaries, who telephoned five times before the Legion arrived. The highway being cut by roadblocks, U.S. Consul Slator C. Blackiston jolted from Jerusalem to Jericho over an unpaved Roman road, emerging at the police station, where he collected more help and arranged the evacuation of eight Mennonites. . . . When Blackiston returned to Jerusalem, he found a phalanx of youths slinging rocks at the consulate, inside which he had left his wife and two boys, aged ten and four. From a pottery shop across the street, where he had stopped to browse before the rioters arrived, Dr. Laurent Gaspar of the Bethlehem French Hospital was watching his parked Jaguar being smashed and burned.

"We sent no orders to our people in Jerusalem," an Amman refugee spokesman told me later. "We didn't want to give the Israelis a chance to attack us." (The garrison and population of Jewish Jerusalem didn't budge except to climb observation towers and rooftops; field and opera glasses were at a premium in the Israeli sector.)

MEANWHILE, Amman lay quiet and sinister. Premier Majali consulted the King, then received Glubb Pasha (Lieutenant General John Glubb, commander of the Arab Legion), the British Ambassador, and finally the Egyptian Ambassador. Majali told a correspondent breezily that Bagdad Pact talks "will be resumed when the suitable time comes." He was amazed at signs of unrest. All will be well, he said. The Cabinet also seemed blissfully unconcerned. It issued an invitation to a British parliamentary delegation touring Iraq to stop off in Jordan on the way home.

Eruption in Amman

Sunday: Amman, like Rome, sits on seven hills, very steep, with easy access from one to another only through the middle of town far below. It is the palm of a cupped seven-fingered hand. All Amman streets—and all Jordan highways—pour into Feisal Square, the tightest bottleneck in the Middle East.

The American military attaché picked early Sunday morning to take his three-year-old son downtown for a haircut. Groups of burly youths were standing around, their pockets bulging with stones. By the time the shearing was done, the youths had whipped up some initiative. As the car drove off, it ran a heavy gantlet of stoning. . . . Just about then a car containing the British Ambassador—who was leaving the Prime Ministry after assurance that everything was under control—was also stoned. . . . Shortly before ten o'clock the British phoned Richard Sanger, American Embassy counselor, that they were instructing British families to keep

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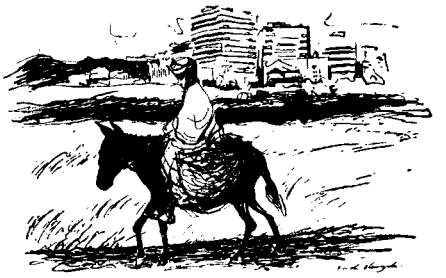
indoors, and advised the Americans to do likewise. . . . Simultaneously, squads of Legionnaires roared up to embassies and diplomatic properties, pitched large white tents, and began a four-day vigil. . . . By now the normal noises of city traffic were fading; instead there rose the sound of chanting and of marching feet. . . .

Just before the Turkish President's November visit, turbulent Hussein College on Jebel Hussein had been put *hors de combat* for several days by typhoid injections for all classes. This time the authorities had tried immunization by quietly locking up all known Communist-minded students the day before. But on Sunday morning the remaining scholars waved leaflets with "secret orders" in their teachers' faces. They screeched "Down with Majali!" and "Down with Samiha!" (Mme. Majali, popularly believed to be in the hashish-smuggling business.)

TEEN-AGE reinforcements trudged over from the nearby Islamic College, others from Jubaiha ten kilometers away. Word came through that the Education Minister had brilliantly decided to close all schools till further notice, "to protect the lives of the students." This facilitated the descent of several thousand howling youngsters to swell the growing mob downtown.... One orator exhorting the crowds kept shouting: "Let's surrender to the Jews—it is less dishonorable than the pact!" The Legion had orders not to shoot except *in extremis*. But when a mob trapped four Legionnaires on Wadi Siir Road, the first guns went off, in the air. Then, all over Amman, Legionnaires began loading their weapons. The first assault by the crowd, on the British Council building fifty yards from Legion GHQ, broke all its windows. Struck on the head by a flying brick, the British lieutenant colonel commanding the single Legion *ketibeh* (one thousand men) then in Amman was put out of action for the duration. Around the corner on Salt Street, another mob began breaking into the British Bank of the Middle East. This time cash deposits were involved, so the Legion fired in earnest. Ambulance sirens began wailing. Sporadic outbreaks followed up and down the main streets, accompanied by the rattle of machine guns. By four o'clock four additional *ketibehs* were able to empty the streets and set up barbed-wire barricades at



main intersections, supported by armored cars with black-snouted cannon. . . .

All over the country, roadblocks constructed by rioters paralyzed traffic. At Hebron, refugees destroyed records in the local UNRWA office and burned a month's supply of kerosene stockpiled for distribution to them.

Over Radio Jerusalem, King Hussein assured his people that the government would take no "unilateral action" on issues involving "our dear Palestine." He summoned all to go back to work and leave public affairs in "trustworthy hands." Radio Cairo blared back: "The blood of Jordan's martyrs is witness to the nation's enmity for the pact. . . . The bodies of our fathers in their graves hail the struggle of the Jordanian people." . . . Majali's Interior Minister proclaimed a ban on further street gatherings. "Violators will be punished most violently!" he shrilled into the wind. . . .

March on the Prime Ministry

Christmas Day: In Amman, the deadly drama reopened at 10:30 A.M. Atop their hills, diplomatic "observers" perched on balconies could follow the action in the bowl like a stadium tableau. . . . Inflamed by a harangue from National Socialist leader Suleiman Nablus, a procession of one thousand marched against the Prime Ministry on Salt Street. A small supply of tear-gas bombs would have dispersed it but, unaccountably, the Legionnaires had none, so they used rifles instead. The mob fell back on the district around the Mosque, where rocks and bullets were exchanged in a desultory manner for hours. . . . Bethlehem, according to reports filtering through to the diplomatic post, was in a state of chaos. On Sunday, twenty had been arrested there. Refugees and students now banded to free them. The central police station was taken by storm and the Egyptian flag raised. (During the Arab-Israeli war the Egyptian Army held Bethlehem briefly.) Point-blank fire between both sides within the jail caused the largest single toll of the week: eight killed, forty-eight wounded.

In Jerusalem, which had taken Sunday off, the day rocked with disorder. A mob ascending to the Sheikh Jarrah quarter burst into the building of the Turkish Consulate. The occupants of a ground-floor private apartment—again the unhappy doctor from the Bethlehem French Hospital, with his wife and two small children—locked themselves in a bathroom while rioters tore their home apart and set it afire. Then the visitors tried to get upstairs at the Turks. According to one account, the consul scrambled through a rear window into Israel. According to another, he drove his assailants off with a Sten gun. In decamping, they tore down the Turkish flag. Nearby, another assault was being mounted, against the French Consulate. The consul here was gashed on the forehead by a rock. Under Legion guard, a dozen American, U.N., and missionary personnel residing nearby were evacuated to the City Hotel. Before they quit for the day, the celebrants went down to the American Colony Hotel, where Glubb Pasha's mother lives. When a stone sailed through her window, the old lady impatiently phoned her son, and a Legion detachment got there fast.

The Capitulation

That evening, in Amman, a refugee delegation waited on the King to tell him his crown was in jeopardy.

At ten o'clock came capitulation. The Prime Minister announced that he had visited and addressed the monarch as follows: "Exalted Majesty: As your realm is going through important events which . . . require the consultation of the nation, I entreat Your Majesty—and you are the best to look after the interests of the people—to [allow my] resignation . . . in order to give Your Maj-

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esty opportunity [for] a transition government to conduct a general election so that new representatives may shoulder the burden of orienting the general policy under Your Majesty's guidance. . . ." A royal decree accompanying this remarkable declaration dissolved the House of Representatives and called for elections within the four-month constitutional time limit.

Tuesday: Having tasted bloody triumph, the "people" and its unofficial directorate desired more. The Constitution gives a Premier seven days to resign after Parliamentary dissolution. But a clamor arose for Majali to get out at once. The riots, which had commenced with schoolboys and unemployed, now came around full circle to include doctors, lawyers, and civil servants. The latter—more than five thousand strong—went on strike, declaring they would not return till Majali quit. That morning, administration was at a country-wide standstill. Tempers were not sweetened when police failed to notify the Legion that approval had been given for peaceful demonstrators to approach the palace and congratulate the King on dissolving Parliament. As the parade leaders, despite Legion warning, confidently pushed aside the barbed-wire barricade, the troops opened fire, killing four and wounding ten. . . . At 11 A.M., with bullets whistling through downtown Amman, Majali resigned in despair. Two hours later the King invited seventy-year-old Ibrahim Hashem to take over. . . . Outside, the riot switched to a victory march. Bearing pine branches as symbols of peace, a parade mounted Jebel Amman to cheer the Egyptian Embassy and Saudi Legation. The chiefs of both missions made speeches of thanks from their balconies.

BEFORE the glad tidings reached Jerusalem, mobs there had another round of sport. Around noon a crowd of one thousand arrived to hurl taunts at the Legion and rocks at consulate windows. During a recess when the crowd transferred its attentions to the French, the Americans stole through their consulate's back door to the Jordan checkpoint at Mandelbaum Gate, Jerusalem's no man's land. Some even went across the desolate eighty yards to obtain asylum in the Israeli sector. For the first time since the Holy City was cut in two by battle in 1948, Legion guards turned their backs on Israelis and pointed their guns in the direction of Arabs. But the mob by now, having heard of Majali's fall, was cheering Nasser and King Saud before their respective consulates. . . . That evening an American reporter noted in his cable that Saudi money was believed to be behind the uprisings. The dispatch was kicked all the way up to the chief censor, who said: "O.K., send it. It's true, isn't it?" . . .

The Shutters Go Up

Wednesday: Atmosphere in Amman still ugly. Cairo's "Voice of the Arabs" declared that the Jordanian people would not go back to work until the new government specifically renounced the Bagdad Pact forever. Sure enough, a delegation called on the new Premier to demand this. It also wanted release of all persons arrested, withdrawal of the Legion to its barracks, compensation for families of the dead and wounded, and assurance of free elections. Hashem eagerly gave them the election guarantee. As for decisions on the pact, he said, this was beyond his powers; he intended to serve strictly as a caretaker.

At 1:30 P.M. Hashem announced his new Cabinet: every man in it politically acceptable to the "people." Minutes later its first decision: to release prisoners and pull out the Legion. . . . The iron shutters of the shop windows began rolling up. By late afternoon, there was not an inch of parking space up and down the main streets. Traffic was back to a slow crawl. Amman was its old bustling self again, almost as if nothing had happened.

BUT NOT QUITE. Britain would never be precisely the same again in Jordan, nor would the Arab Legion, nor young Hussein's subjects and realm.

It is hard to say who was more surprised by the week's work—the British or the mob. The rioters had not expected to succeed, and the British had not expected the riots. Their cotton-eared Intelligence Service, depending mainly on ingrown Arab Legion posts across the country, had utterly failed to assess the opposition to the Bagdad Pact and the multiplicity of dark forces arrayed. Before the troubles, the British were denying that any Communists existed in Jordan; now they were insisting that the Communists were the sole agents of the upheaval. If the disciplined Legion had been given firm orders, with proper equipment for mob dispersal, the riots would have been smothered at the outset. Instead, the troops were reduced to shoving the demonstrators, throwing rocks back at them, and, finally, shooting them down—after which the mob lost its sanity altogether. To cite one more typical example of the prevalent ineptitude: Twice each day, a lull came before the flaming broadcasts from Cairo, and an upsurge in violence immediately after. Yet nobody thought of muzzling a loudspeaker that continued to roar into Feisal Square.

The Pack Is Out

What does it all mean for the outside world? It means that Jordan is no longer a sure thing for Britain, no longer a British protectorate. The old days seem to be gone when a half hundred British officers, commanding the Arab Legion, were lords and masters over a community of primitive Bedouin chiefs and a feudal emir. There are smart politicians to reckon with now, and hostile external forces, and a population that has tasted the wine of successful violence against authority. In this population the volatile, Egyptophile Palestinians have increased their prestige at the expense of the east-bankers—and of the British.

This does not signify that Britain will have to leave the day after tomorrow. Jordan still needs pounds sterling to keep alive. The annual

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economic-military subsidy from Britain has just gone up another £800,000, to £12,550,000. It is unlikely that any Jordanian statesman in his right mind will let his pan-Arab sentiments induce him to exchange hard British cash for Saudi or Egyptian promises. But Britain will have to tread lightly. Already the pack is out, crying for the removal of the Legion's British staff.

A FOOTNOTE to this new chapter in Jordanian affairs came a week after the Christmas rioting had ended. Upon reflection, it grew apparent that the impending April elections for a new Parliament could produce a House packed with Saudi Arabian and Egyptian agents. Accordingly, a body sonorously called the "Supreme Council for Interpretation of the Constitution" was convoked to inspect the decree dissolving the old Parliament. With convenient unanimity the Council ruled the decree unconstitutional—thereby dissolving the dissolution.

Once again mobs surged streetward, tearing down the newly replaced western consular flags, smashing repaired windowpanes. This time tear gas and a curfew held the celebrants moderately in check. The official radio blasted the Arab League as an "Egyptian tool," and new Premier Samir el-Rifai, who took over from Ibrahim Hashem on January 9, called on Egypt and Saudi Arabia to cease their "pestilential" financial operations. But el-Rifai also kept his bridges intact. He hastened to proclaim that his government would enter no "new pacts," and would remain friendly to all Arab states. Once again the riot promoters had won the day.

The "insurrection" in Jordan has been a victory for Arab neutralism, a comfort to the Soviets, and a setback for the West. If the situation is retrievable for plain common sense and Jordan's real welfare, it can be saved only by developing enough Jordanian leaders with guts and clear heads. In so far as the Northern Tier concept is valid for the better defense of the free world, Jordan's adherence would give the Tier more physical depth.

It might also, incidentally, improve the present dim prospects for Arab-Israeli peace.

VIEWS & REVIEWS

The Mozart Bicentennial

An appraisal of the new records, mostly operatic, that are being issued to celebrate the event

ROLAND GELATT

THE CELEBRATIONS begin on January 27. Throughout what we like to call the civilized world, or at least that part of it where western music is played and appreciated, the two hundredth anniversary of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart's birth will be observed with all the veneration and respect due a sovereign creative genius. In Mozart's native Salzburg three of Europe's best orchestras and a constellation of eminent conductors, instrumentalists, and singers

will take part in a ten-day winter festival. Elsewhere, from Tokyo to Toronto, every symphony orchestra in the world will be honoring the bicentennial in some way. Throughout 1956 one music festival after another will proclaim the composer's glory. Publishers will bring out new editions of his works, travel agencies will organize Mozart tours of Europe, and record companies will issue profuse quantities of Mozart's music in high-fidelity sound and sometimes in high-fidelity interpretations.

In this year when Mozart becomes big business, it is appropriate to remember that the composer had to struggle continually during his brief life merely to maintain himself in the most modest of circumstances. And yet Mozart was by no means a misunderstood or disregarded musician; he enjoyed, in fact, a large portion of acclaim and esteem. But he was miserably paid for his work. When Mozart succeeded Gluck as chamber musician to the Austrian court in 1787, the salary allotted to him was eight hundred florins (about $400) a year—which in bicentennial purchasing power might be worth as much as fifty dollars a week.

TWENTY-FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS, the minimum investment required today to record one complete Mozart opera, would have afforded the composer the financial independence he so desperately needed. During the past few months, eight such recordings have been issued: one of *The Abduction from the Seraglio*, two of *The Marriage of Figaro*, three of *Don Giovanni*, one of *Cosi fan tutte*, and one of *The Magic Flute*. More are on the way. And of course the operas represent only a portion of Mozart's legacy being consigned to discs this year. Symphonies and sonatas, concertos and cassations, Masses and minuets have been and will be cast at the record buyer without respite, for the Mozart bicentennial happens to fall at a time when the record business is expanding in an unprecedented boom economy.

Although every manufacturer is taking a whack at Mozart this year, none is pursuing the Mozartean

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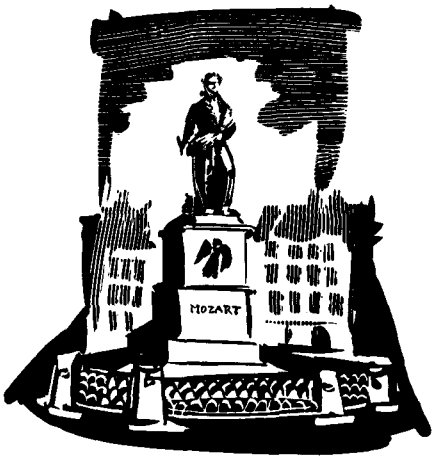
muse more assiduously than the gramophone records division of Philips Electrical Industries, a major European supplier of incandescent bulbs, radios, and other electrical equipment, whose records are marketed in this country on the Epic label. Last year Philips embarked on a six-year Mozart recording program that purposes to encompass every item in the complete catalogue of Mozart's works. Being a relative newcomer in the record business, Philips has had to start from scratch. Bernhard Paumgartner, an Austrian musicologist and Mozart specialist, is in charge of the project, and under his general direction teams of engineers have been diligently recording sufficient Mozart to provide material for the first installment of sixty LP discs scheduled for 1956. Unfortunately, if not unexpectedly, the Philips-Epic series so far has been notable more for quantity than quality.

Indeed, in the rush to get new recordings into circulation while bicentennial fervor is at its peak, a good many inferior or nondescript performances of Mozart are being purveyed by all companies. There are also a few surpassingly good performances among the new releases. Even though the Mozart Year is just beginning, it is not too early to assess the first burst of recordings that have been issued in honor of the anniversary.

Cosi and Figaro

The operas have first claim on our attention, not only because so many competing versions have appeared in the last few months but also because the operas reveal Mozart's genius more completely than any of the other forms in which he worked. The effervescent spirit, the soft-spoken wit, the repressed pathos, the enchanting melodies, the skillful orchestration—all the traits for which his instrumental music is celebrated are present in the operas too, along with a sense of stagecraft and musical characterization that has never been surpassed. In *Cosi fan tutte* these qualities can be heard in their most refined and sophisticated form. If I were forced to choose one Mozart work for a desert isle it would be *Cosi,* though I would not have made that choice on first or even second acquaintance with the opera. This tragicomedy does not possess the immediate, whistleable appeal of *Figaro* or *The Magic Flute,* but the more one listens to its ten-



der, intricate music, the more one becomes convinced that *Cosi* is Mozart's most brilliant achievement.

Fortunately, it can be heard in a splendid new Angel recording under the direction of Herbert von Karajan, with a cast that includes Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Nan Merriman, Leopold Simoneau, and Sesto Bruscantini. Karajan wisely does not attempt to broaden the subtle strands of *Cosi;* he underplays the *buffo* elements and creates an almost dreamlike atmosphere for this artificial and at the same time profound commentary on the transitory nature of human affections. Scaling down the performance to intimate proportions, he has been able to achieve impeccable precision in ensembles and marvelously just balances between instruments and voices. This is one of the really distinguished opera recordings of all time and a lustrous ornament to the Mozart Year.

EQUALLY ACCOMPLISHED in its own way is the new recording of *The Marriage of Figaro* issued by London. Again the conductor, in this case Erich Kleiber, deserves chief honors. I do not intend by this to disparage the cast. Its trio of ladies —Hilde Gueden as Susanna, Lisa della Casa as the Countess, and Suzanne Danco as Cherubino—could not be bettered, and in the part of Figaro the young basso Cesare Siepi is musically and dramatically effective. But it is Kleiber who has inspired these already excellent singers to surpass themselves and to give a performance that is at once vigorous and polished, nimbly paced and delicately sculptured. The conductor has been immensely aided, it should be noted, by the luminous sound for which London's engineers are famous and by the burnished tone of the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. Surely there are few moments on records as magical as the soft, pliant string passage that opens Act IV, or as exquisite as the concord on the phrase *"Deh signor, nol contrastate,"* in the finale to Act II, where a simple C-major triad speaks with powerful elegance. The recording falls short of ideal only in the casting of Count Almaviva, the most interesting and complex character in the opera. Alfred Poell does not perform the role badly in the London set, but he fails to project the dramatic overtones of the part in all their amplitude.

In order to hear a truly distinguished reading of the Count's music, one must go back to the performance of Roy Henderson in the

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original 1934 Glyndebourne set. But those well-loved old records, shorn of recitative and cramped in sound, can hardly be recommended to contemporary phonograph listeners. Neither, for that matter, can the new Glyndebourne recording, made last summer and just released by RCA Victor. The recitatives are now included and the sound is good (although inferior to London's), but the conducting of Vittorio Gui does not match the old Glyndebourne standard set by Fritz Busch or the new Vienna standard set by Erich Kleiber. Gui is competent, no more, and his deficiencies tend to nullify some of the strong vocal assets of the cast, such as the sprightly, gracefully articulated Figaro of Sesto Bruscantini and the wonderfully waspish Basilio of Hugues Cuenod.

Three Dons

Don Giovanni, that magnificent mixture of comic badinage and serious drama, has fared less well in the bicentennial recording spree. Admittedly, it is the most difficult to perform of all the Mozart operas. It requires a bass-baritone of great vocal proficiency and acting ability (Don Giovanni), a basso with a keen sense of timing and an agile vocal technique (Leporello), two well-endowed lyric sopranos (Zerlina and Donna Elvira), a dramatic soprano of tremendous range, power, and precision (Donna Anna), a tenor who suffers no problems of breath control or impediments to deft phrasing (Don Ottavio), and finally a conductor with an unerring instinct for dramatic pace. Had all record companies pooled their artistic resources in one common *Don Giovanni,* most of these desiderata might have been fulfilled. As it is, three companies have made three recordings, each of which falls short of the ideal.

The Epic set, part of Philips's "complete-works" project, is patently the worst. Rudolf Moralt conducts in a routine, let's-get-along-with-it vein; the playing of the Vienna Symphony is devoid of felicity; and the key role of Don Giovanni is performed by Canadian-born George London in a gruff and charmless manner. By comparison, London's *Don Giovanni* has much to recommend it. It offers the usual finished playing of the Vienna Philharmonic and the usual rich sound quality. It offers, too, a delightful Zerlina in Hilde Gueden, a magnificent Elvira in Lisa della Casa, a nimble Leporello in Fernando Corena, and an adequate Ottavio in Anton Dermota. Though the role of Donna Anna requires a voice of much greater weight and compass than that of Suzanne Danco, she lessens the disparity between needs and means by her consummate musicianship. There remain the Don and the conductor, Cesare Siepi and Josef Krips. That Siepi rises to the vocal challenges of this most taxing of bass-baritone roles is undeniable. That he imbues it with the grace, drama, and force of character inherent in the part is open to debate. I find his burly performance unconvincing. Krips for his part seems to take a relaxed, almost laggardly view of the score; and though an attitude of *dolce far niente* can be musically effective, *Don Giovanni* is not the piece on which to exercise it.

The third *Don Giovanni,* which comes from Italy, has just been released by Cetra-Capitol. It is strong where the London recording is weak, and vice versa. Giuseppe Taddei, an artist highly regarded in Italy, gives here the most polished and believable portrayal of Don Giovanni that I have heard since the retirement of Ezio Pinza. The caustic and sardonic view of life, the manic pursuit of pleasure, and the aristocratic charm of the Spanish grandee are all implicit in Taddei's vocal acting. He is helped by the remarkably cogent, incisive, and finely modeled conducting of Max Rudolf, who leads an Italian orchestra far less celebrated than the Vienna Philharmonic and achieves with these forces a performance considerably more in tune with the demonic grandeur of Mozart's score. Italo Tajo's Leporello and Cesare Valletti's Don Ottavio are at least the equal of their London counterparts. Sadly, however, the women in this recording are in varying degrees disappointing. In sum I would probably choose the Cetra, despite its inadequate Elvira and Anna, but not without remarking that the 1936 Glyndebourne recording still offers the most satisfactory all-round performance of the opera.

For those who can find enduring interest in *The Abduction from the Seraglio,* there is an excellent new German recording—issued here by Decca—that is quite well sung and charmingly acted in the spoken recitative. This fairly early Mozart work is replete with vernal melodies, but for me its delights begin to wear thin on repeated hearing. Mozart's other popular German opera, *The Magic Flute,* is of course cut from another and far more durable bolt. Its moments of high solemnity, such as the introduction to Act II, will never cease to cast an ennobling spell. The first of the Mozart Year *Magic Flute* recordings (issued by London) cannot, however, be recommended. It is

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methodically, sometimes sluggishly conducted by Karl Böhm, and much of the singing is wanting in the absolute purity and precision that this music should elicit. At least one other *Magic Flute* is on the way; but it, or they, will have to be extraordinarily good to surpass the 1938 German recording made on the Victor label under Sir Thomas Beecham's direction, which is perhaps the finest operatic performance ever committed to records.

Orchestral and Choral

After the operas, one can find the greatest concentration of riches in the piano concertos. Among the new releases I have heard only one in this area that is wholly admirable: the D Minor (K. 466) and C Major (K. 503) Concertos, performed by Walter Gieseking and the Philharmonic Orchestra under Hans Rosbaud (Angel). The other new piano-concerto recordings, mostly from Epic, are not altogether satisfactory. Patience is advised, for many competing versions are promised for release in the next few months. The violin concertos, all composed in Mozart's twentieth year, are of less exalted stature; the best of them have been well played in recent recordings by Arthur Grumiaux and the Vienna Symphony under Paumgartner (Epic). More interesting musically, if less well known, are the four concertos for horn and orchestra, rendered superbly by Dennis Brain and the Philharmonia under Karajan (Angel).

As for the symphonies, the deluge is still to come. Westminster will issue all of them in recordings conducted by Erich Leinsdorf; Fritz Reiner has made several for Victor; and doubtless many others are on the way. To date, the outstanding record has been a coupling of the "Haffner" and "Linz" Symphonies, performed by the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra under Beecham (Columbia). Another excellent "Linz" is contained in the Columbia album "Birth of a Performance," wherein Bruno Walter can be heard directing a rehearsal of this symphony—a documentation that teaches us a good deal about musical performance and about the particular advantages and disadvantages of Walter's conductorial approach.

Probably the least-known portion of Mozart's lifework is his church music. He composed numerous Masses, motets, offertories, and litanies in which, scholars assure us, much musical treasure is to be found. Will the bicentennial see this treasure exhumed in well-performed recordings? We shall know better twelve months from now. So far the anniversary year has brought a performance of the unfinished Mass in C Minor (K. 427), entirely adequate but outstanding only in the singing of Teresa Stich-Randall (Epic). But much more, including a Beecham-directed *Requiem*, is promised.

Of all the great classical masters, Mozart probably appeals most easily to the musical neophyte. His irresistible melodies are always among the very first enchantments of musical awakening. Later, as the ear begins to hear below the simple melodic superstructure, one becomes aware of the complexities of this seemingly artless music. It grows and grows the more we listen.

This quality in Mozart's music that allows it to enrapture all varieties of auditors, from the most untutored to the most sophisticated, explains why record manufacturers are responding to the bicentennial celebrations with such enthusiasm. The least we can do for the composer who himself profited so poorly from his work is to confer our custom only on those performances which do his music something like full justice.

The Goncourt Prize Winner: How People Become French

MADELEINE CHAPSAL

Publishing is an art but it is also a business of a sort; the publisher has to sell his wares, and the fact is that people who buy books shun new writers and buy only those of them whose quality is certified. The Prix Goncourt provides just that certification.

Edmond de Goncourt, who with his brother Jules had written realistic novels, unusual art criticism, and copious memoirs, left funds for an "academy" composed of his literary friends when he died in 1896. Every fall since 1903 the Goncourt Academy has awarded a prize—current value $28.57, alas—to the best work of fiction written within the year. The Academy is composed of ten members, all writers, among whom are Francis Carco, poet and novelist of the Paris apache, and Jean Giono, who speaks for the peasant of Provence. The great Colette presided over the Academy until her death in 1954.

The Goncourt Prize accomplishes two things: It sells two hundred thousand copies of the winning book, and brings in from 150 to 200 million francs. It guarantees that purchasers of the winning book will be getting their money's worth—a pretested product.

The Academy is proud of the books it has chosen in the past. In 1918 it made its award to *A L'Ombre des Jeunes Filles en Fleurs* by a rather little-known writer named Marcel Proust; in 1933 it chose *Man's Fate* long before André Malraux became famous. There were bad years also, those in which the jury summoned from obscurity an author only to see him promptly re-

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turned to it; there were also years when the critics disliked the Academy's choice but found that the public approved it—last year Simone de Beauvoir's *The Mandarins* sold enormously. Sometimes it is the other way around: The critics like a book and the public does not.

Publishers treat the Goncourt Prize as if it were a horse race. They have their stables; they don't care which of their authors wins so long as it is a writer who is wearing their racing silks. The consequences of this racing fever are not always favorable to the two-year-old thoroughbreds: Instead of bringing them on gradually throughout the year, the publishers enter them all in the same race. There is a winner, of course, but how many others fail to place and are spoiled for good? The great difference between a horse race and the Goncourt race is that the publishers enter any horse that can run. The Goncourt jury is so capricious and its selections so unpredictable that any manuscript making some sort of sense finds a publisher.

The Winner

Last month the publishing firm of Albin Michel came in first—Roger Ikor up on *Avrom's Sons,* a novel in two volumes, *The Graft of Springtime* and *The Mixed Waters.*

Roger Ikor is an unknown—or he was until a few months ago. By now every Frenchman old enough to read a newspaper has seen his face, which looks like that of a new-born but very aged and astonished infant. His prize-winning novel is a lengthy story in which sprawl a host of characters. No sooner did this detail become known than everyone began talking about Ikor's resemblance to Balzac. In France that kind of comparison is always useful in talking of a book one has only heard about. If the hero is a young man who is a little too intelligent and who watches himself falling in love, what does one say? Stendhal. If the novel covers a long period of time and interweaves several lives, what is the word? Balzac. If the book describes stifling provincial life in every detail, including a lonely dog barking in the deserted streets at night, one says solemnly: Flaubert. Recently it has become fashionable to bring up

the name of Zola in connection with novels in which reality is minutely noted and set down. Of course one has to add, "But it's journalism."

Let us be kind to Roger Ikor and save him from the overwhelming comparison with Balzac. If he is like anyone it would be rather Mazo de la Roche, and *Avrom's Sons* will please all those who enjoyed *Jalna.* For his story is that of a dynasty, not of a tyrannical one but that of the desolate family which Yankel Mykhanowitzky, a Russian Jew, imported into France when, at the beginning of this century, he fled Russia's Czars and pogroms.

The voluntary exile is characteristic of this century. Of course it will be objected that there have always been exiles. Yes, but they were princes or heroes or criminals, or they sought to found new colonies. The ordinary people who in droves pack up their bundles and leave their country because of its politics, the little man who quietly settles down in your street in the hope that he will be forgotten and can live in peace—that is the new personage of our times. And when the list of this century's martyrs is drawn up, the nameless exile will be high on it.

Xenophobia—one can deny its existence neither in France, land of freedom, nor in the United States, land of independence—is as natural as any reflex against danger.

Roger Ikor is not tragic about it; it is pleasantly and humorously that he describes Yankel's arrival in Paris, his troubles with the language, his difficulty in getting himself accepted by the neighbors, his employer, and the men who work at his side. And then, just when things are beginning to get settled, his wife, Hannele, and his children descend upon him. She is incurably alien; there is nothing to do but to go and live in the Jewish quarter, the Rue des Rosiers, calling a halt to assimilation at the threshold of the ghetto. And then Yankel's old father leaves Russia too and takes up his rightful position as head of the family in Paris. He will not Frenchify his name; he will not give up one ritual of his religion.

For a time Yankel, the modernist, keeps up the struggle, but he grows old and then it is his own grown-up children who move on toward assimilation. And now it is they who are cruel and it is Yankel who embodies the weight of the past.

It is not the main line of the narrative so much as the details in this story that make it so interesting—the thousand day-by-day difficulties that Yankel, his wife and his brothers, and his children encounter in their contact with the French. It is not that the French are intolerant. It so happens that they have a wholesale, theoretical dislike for the Jews. But there is a Jew the Frenchman likes—his friend. The problem in each case

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is to make the grade and become that Jew. The only reliable weapons in this most delicate struggle are kindliness and perseverance. Yankel and his family go through the two world wars. Some die as soldiers; some are forced to wear the yellow star; some are deported to Germany and never return. When Liberation comes the reunited family has acquired a truly French past. It has succeeded.

This novel will force the two hundred thousand people who buy it —and perhaps twice that number will read it—people who turned to it because of the Goncourt Prize guarantee—to face a problem that they do not like to admit and might otherwise not be brought to face: xenophobia and specifically anti-Semitism. When a man reads a novel he is a captive audience. Unless its hero is peculiarly repulsive, the reader identifies himself with the hero. This winter a very great number of French people will be sitting comfortably in their armchairs in front of the fire but they will be living all through the moral anguish and the tribulations of these exiles who sought to become French. Each one of them will be, for a time, Yankel himself seeking to be admitted and respected by the French —that is to say by the reader.

The Living Branch

For this achievement the Goncourts and Roger Ikor deserve our thanks, but for this only. Unfortunately, the novel itself has neither the style nor the tone of a book chosen to represent French literature for one whole year. And there is a more serious objection: The author—himself the son of Russian immigrants—feels that when he has provided Yankel and his family with a sort of neutral protective coloring that makes the family acceptable to the French, he has described a success and a triumph. But is it not an abstract concept to think that there is an animal called "the Frenchman" just as there is an animal called "the leopard" and that by studying the pattern of its spotted skin and the way it walks one can make oneself an assimilated leopard by mimicry and become just one of the leopards?

The French, like the members of any other nation, are not a herd. A thousand tendencies, a thousand conflicts divide them, and the best among them perhaps are those who differ the most from the others. One would have been grateful to Roger Ikor, whose first volume is titled *The Graft of Springtime*, if he had shown the true nature of the grafting: It is not a piece of wood that survives as a parasite hidden in an alien plant, but a living branch that draws its strength from the sap of the tree into which it is grafted in order to flower triumphantly and bear fruit of a kind as yet unknown and perhaps more beautiful than any before.

When Yankel's descendants fear no longer to proclaim in all their pride that they are different, won't that be the time, and only then, when they will be truly assimilated and find their place in the heart of the community?

A European View Of U.S. Economic Leadership

ROBERT MARJOLIN

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF AMERICAN FOREIGN POLICY. Report of a Study Group sponsored by the Woodrow Wilson Foundation and the National Planning Association, by Frank Altschul, Richard M. Bissell, Jr., Harry D. Gideonse, H. Van B. Cleveland, William Y. Elliott (Chairman), Don K. Price, Courtney C. Brown, Theodore Geiger, Edward S. Mason. *Holt. $6.*

A book by such an array of eminent businessmen, professors, and former government officials is bound to be noticed. These men, using knowledge they gained from postwar reconstruction and reorganization efforts, propose solutions for the most urgent of the world's economic problems, and what they have to say is certainly worth serious consideration. But, although I think their study aims in the right direction, I have reservations about many of their proposals.

First of all, judging from my experience as Secretary-General of the Organization for European Economic Co-operation, I think they are too pessimistic. The western world is not on the verge of collapse, as some paragraphs of the book suggest. Although international trade is full of uncertainty, it is expanding rapidly. A recurrent dollar shortage still afflicts western Europe and Japan, and certain European countries are not in perfect economic health, but none of these troubles is even comparable to what it was in the dark days right after the war, or even in 1950-1951.

The Nation-State Lives On

The Study Group lays much of the blame for the economic troubles of the free world on its fragmentation into national compartments, most of them too narrow to allow continuous growth. The nation-state, they say, is an outmoded political form, and any system based on it will be weak to the core. So they prescribe as the only ultimate solution the creation of supranational authorities.

I agree entirely that the nation-state deserves criticism. And yet this form of political organization has not prevented a large number of western European countries from becoming highly prosperous and politically stable. The Study Group uses France and Italy to illustrate the

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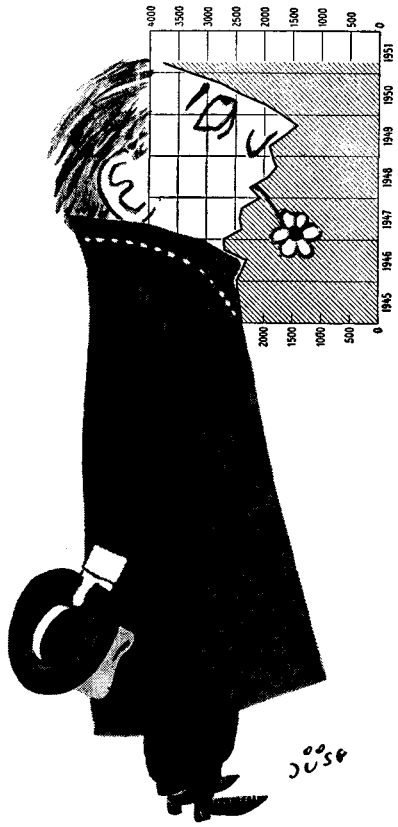
decadence of the nation-state, but there are many other ways to account for the ills of those two countries. To me, the idea of supranational authorities does not seem very fruitful—even within the six European nations of the Schuman Plan where it could most logically be applied. the prospect is highly uncertain.

The Study Group seems to be objecting to the nation-state as it was before the two world wars, but today, at least in the western world, national sovereignty is not what it was then. Nations are linked together in a complex network of treaties, institutions, and habits, all of which limit considerably their freedom of action. The situation is not as bad as one would think from looking at a map with each country printed a different color. Certainly we should try to limit and condition national sovereignty, and try to fuse states into larger units. But the nation-state is not dead yet, or even dying, and the great majority of mankind is not yet willing to accept supranational institutions.

The Bretton Woods concept is also roundly attacked by the Study Group. That 1944 conference in New Hampshire tried to establish a new international order to set up good economic relations between states without modifying national sovereignty. The Study Group tries to show why this is impossible, and why it offers no real solution. It seems to me that its criticism is too extreme. Bretton Woods incarnates an economic universalism that provides a useful counterbalance for too much regionalism.

Don't Split the West

The authors are aware that any ultimate solution based on the creation of supranational authorities is a long way off. Their immediate program is based on strengthening and enlarging the two regional organizations we already have—the British Commonwealth of Nations and the OEEC. Even without setting up a supranational authority, they say, the nations in these two groups could get together and form one large, organized non-dollar trade-and-payments system. The new grouping, including nearly all of western Europe, the British Commonwealth, and possibly Japan, would have to set up barriers against some American goods in order to avoid running out of dollars. But all the nations within the bloc could trade freely with each other and exchange their money without restrictions. The Study Group's plan would have businessmen *within* the "non-dollar system" able to do business as easily across national boundaries as they can now



within their own countries. An essential condition for the proper functioning of such a scheme, suggests the Study Group, would be American leadership and financial support.

No doubt western Europe has a tendency to run out of dollars at recurrent intervals. But I think the authors go much too far in proposing a solution. They suggest a preferential tariff system for almost the whole of the non-dollar world. I don't feel it is necessary to have a permanent tariff preference to take care of a tendency toward an intermittent dollar shortage. More important, I am deeply apprehensive of an institutionalized division of the western world into two halves, if only in the sphere of trade. Even if everyone's intentions were thoroughly good, a systematic regionalism such as this could lead to great abuse.

In Europe, for instance, the permanent discrimination envisaged by the Study Group would mean an additional obstacle to the entry of American goods and would probably lead to a significant tariff increase. Protectionist interests are so strong in Europe that many people would eagerly welcome this added protection against American products. But Europe needs American competition as a stimulus.

Caution in lifting the import restrictions on dollar goods, maintenance of the European Payments Union as long as the pound sterling is not convertible and afterward on a standby basis to meet payments crises, and a firm resolve not to sacrifice free exchange of goods and services in Europe to the pursuit of world-wide convertibility—these should suffice to solve the financial difficulties that may arise between Europe and America. I don't think we need have recourse to a preferential-tariff system.

This does not mean we should give up the idea of a tariff union among the six western European countries participating in the Coal and Steel Community and other neighboring countries that might eventually join it. But the main object of such a union would not be to protect Europe against American competition. In fact, the thorough changes such a union would require would be a good guarantee that protectionist considerations would be excluded.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE not to agree in principle with the Study Group's view of the necessity of American leadership. But it should operate in a different way from the one these Americans suggest. It is doubtful, for instance, that the direct participation of American experts in the everyday work of the Commonwealth or of the OEEC would enlarge the authority the United States already possesses in the affairs of these organizations. The western world has to be run in a decentralized way. Indirect American influence, channeled, as it now is, through free but responsible allies, is better for all concerned.

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How Open Can Diplomacy Get?

LINDSAY ROGERS

"OPEN COVENANTS of peace openly arrived at . . ." Every schoolboy would recognize this as one of Woodrow Wilson's Fourteen Points. Wilson spoke not as a statesman but as a rhetorician. He chose the phrasing not to seek the precision without which diplomacy fails but to create an effect on his audience, the Senate of the United States. That foreign policy should be made known and that all treaties should be published made sense; to propose that they be negotiated openly was nonsense. But the rhetorician was not yet content. He was constrained to add: ". . . there shall be no private international understandings of any kind but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view."

For more than a third of a century professional diplomats have had this noose around their necks, and they have sometimes felt it tightened by Foreign Ministers who, strangely enough, want to put the noose on their own necks. Wilson never fully explained why he thought this Point so important. After war began in 1914, Great Britain and France concluded secret treaties promising Russia the Bosporus and Italy huge territorial acquisitions, but Wilson acted as though he had never heard of these treaties. To be sure, the terms of the Franco-Russian alliance had not been published, but everyone knew what was in it. René Viviani, Premier of France in August, 1914, took a copy of the treaty with him when he met the Chamber of Deputies, but he was not asked to read it.

Now, as some attention is to be paid to the centennial of Wilson's birth, the mystery deepens, for there comes convincing evidence that he did not believe in the second part of his first Point, indeed that he refused to practice its principle and that he protested vigorously when persons with whom he had negotiated privately thought it might be necessary, after their covenants had been arrived at, to make public the course of the diplomacy leading to them.

The Versailles Peace Conference was convened in January, 1919, and its direction was at first under the Council of Ten—the chiefs of government of the five principal Allied and Associated Powers and their Ministers of Foreign Affairs. Two months went by, and Wilson rightly thought that the conference was not proceeding rapidly enough. On March 24, 1919, he invited the Prime Ministers of France, Great Britain, and Italy to form with him a Council of Four

that would meet at his house. (Japan would be represented when matters of concern to it were being discussed.) Down to the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, this Council had supreme authority. From April 19 on, Colonel Sir Maurice Hankey acted as the Council's secretary and the U.S. Department of State included his indirect and laconic minutes in the Peace Conference volumes that it published ten years ago. But Hankey did not attend thirty-seven of the Council's 148 meetings. Professor Paul Mantoux, the famous interpreter, attended them all, and each day, on the basis of the notes he had taken for interpreting purposes, he dictated the *comptes rendus* which he now publishes in two volumes. We can now know how the Big Four talked to each other when they were in mental undress.

Wilson Objects

After the signing of the Treaty on June 28, 1919, the Council of Four met for the last time. Sir Maurice Hankey, always an anticipating, even though styled a recording, secretary, asked whether the *comptes rendus* of the Council of Four could be shown to the persons who would occupy the high offices which Wilson and Lloyd George were about to vacate and which Vittorio Orlando of Italy had already vacated. Clemenceau, in John Maynard Keynes's description "dry in soul and empty of hope," with "one illusion—France; and one disillusion—mankind, including Frenchmen, and his colleagues not least," asked whether it was a question of presenting the record to the House of Commons, and when assured on this did not seem to care. But President Wilson did—and very much so.

"Our deliberations," he said, "have had the character of private conversations." To Baron Sidney Sonnino, who asked whether it would not be necessary to give the new Italian delegation adequate information, Wilson replied: "That is not my opinion: It is a question of private conversations and we did not form an official body." Clemenceau remarked that under French constitutional practice, when he left office he could not refuse to let his successor see the *comptes rendus*. "If I had thought that this question would arise," Wilson answered, "I would not have consented that notes be taken." The most he would agree to was that each could communicate what he saw fit "to any person in whom he has confidence and whom he designates as his replacement. But I shall not make any official communication. Mr. Lansing [Secretary of State Robert Lansing] is not only a member of my Administration but he has my entire confidence; I can inform him, but I must say that if my Administration was replaced by another I would not hand the documents over to it."

When no one could remember what the practice had been at the Congress of Berlin in 1878, Wilson returned to the charge. "You will find contradictory things," he said, "for

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we have often used our right to change our minds. I repeat that in my view the right which belongs to each of us is to communicate these notes to a colleague or to a replacement in whom he has confidence. But it would be an entirely different thing to let them as official documents get into the hands of functionaries in the event of a change of Administration." And for a final word: "We cannot go back to the method of my predecessor, Theodore Roosevelt, who received journalists, opened his heart to them indiscreetly, and ended by saying 'If you cite me I will deny it.'" If the language seems unlike Wilson's usually precise phrasing, remember that he was speaking heatedly and that I must translate from Mantoux' translation.

Openness at the U.N.

When the last war was nearly won, and the hope was that democracy would be safe for the world, did those who met at San Francisco reflect on the failure of endeavors to arrive openly at covenants of peace? Syria, Uruguay, and Australia were the most outspoken in wanting the United Nations to function in a goldfish bowl. Herbert Evatt of Australia insisted that the Charter stipulate publicity for all meetings of the General Assembly "except in the rarest type of case where security considerations might be involved." His exception was useless because an Assembly with a half a hundred members could not possibly keep a secret; but if, as the late Senator Arthur Vandenberg fondly hoped, the Assembly was to be "the town meeting of the world," pitiless publicity was desirable.

The Security Council was a different matter. Apparently no one pointed out that if it met in public it would be dooming itself to futility: Members who were on public record as holding certain views would hesitate to modify them publicly when they had changed their minds. Even a Cabinet of like-minded members, owing allegiance to the same Administration, speaking the same language, and all of the same political party, would be gravely embarrassed if it deliberated in public. The embarrassment would not be much less if members in groups had done some caucusing in the corridors or at the bar.

The Security Council decided that normally it would meet in public, but the Australian delegate insisted that private meetings be "the rare exception" and that the decision to hold one "be reached by the Council itself at a public meeting." Only a few meetings have been private—to determine who should be Secretary-General, to pass on the Council's reports to the General Assembly, and to consider matters like Palestine and Trieste.

The Secretariat has interpreted public meetings to mean that full publicity is as important as the transaction of business. Thus the seating arrangements for the Council at Hunter College, at Lake Success, and now at the United Nations are better suited for "Information Please" than for a group of conferring semi-plenipotentiaries. The seats have been so arranged as to give the audience the best view of as many Council members as possible. The Secretariat accepted without question the presence of radio broadcasters and, later on, of television cameramen, and made special arrangements for their convenience. Apparently nobody asked whether the Security Council should compete on television with commercially sponsored programs designed to entertain.

Nothing of an international character, it now seems, should be kept private, even for a decent interval. The principals were hardly home from the Geneva meetings of last summer and fall before the State Department proposed a full disclosure of everything that was said "at the summit." No one seems to fear that the public will get indigestion or that continued popular excitation may be dangerous.

The Point Lives On

Professor Mantoux' volumes cite Woodrow Wilson as an authority for a decent burial of the first of his Fourteen Points, but the Point is not dead and will not die. "Man is a creature who lives not upon bread alone," said Stevenson (Robert Louis, not Adlai), "but principally by catchwords." The Soviet Union insists on the outlawry of the atom bomb. Why not outlaw the practice of openly not arriving at covenants and put a ban on day-by-day dispatches dealing with the failure to arrive?

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Another Visit To O'Haraville

SIDNEY ALEXANDER

TEN NORTH FREDERICK, by John O'Hara. *Random House. $3.95.*

John O'Hara's latest survey of his literary preserve is an excellent example of phonophotographic novel writing. Those who want veracity, life stopped by a fast lens and recorded on tape, will like it. Those, however, who consider literature obligated to transform rather than reproduce will find the author's biopsy of Gibbsville, Pennsylvania, interesting in an additive sense only. With complete absence of rhetoric and with absolute precision, Mr. O'Hara makes it possible for us to live in a small town in the Pennsylvania coal region, and to understand the life of a leading citizen and his family about as deeply as if we had known them in real life—and no more deeply.

Mr. O'Hara possesses to a high degree the merits of this kind of fiction—a fidelity unblinking as a mirror, a minimum of judgment passing, and a behavioristic accuracy of observation, especially in matters of sex, alcohol, political shenanigans, the negotiable value of various private schools and colleges, and the bed, business, and brand-name habits of the upper upper middle class and the lower rich.

On all these matters, this novelist is convincingly—sometimes devastatingly—keen. The particular corner of Pennsylvania he has staked out as O'Haraville belongs to him as utterly as Yaknapatawpha County belongs to William Faulkner. But the Mississippian, as a poet, has to build real houses on unreal estate. No matter how long we may live in the back country of Beat 4 or lounge around the county courthouse in Oxford, Mississippi, the parade of the living will give us only hints of the people to be found in Faulkner's pages. The characters and the living models are not substitutable. Something happened to them as they passed through that alchemist's retort—Faulkner's head. No matter how long you stayed in Oxford you would still have to get inside that head to find those people.

The Faceless Joseph Chapin

But I warrant that anyone who has resided in a middle-sized American city long enough to penetrate behind the façade of the country club will find most of Mr. O'Hara's revelations confirmative rather than revealing. There is very little here that has not already been told with more passion by Sherwood Anderson, more wit by Sinclair Lewis, or more intellectual sparkle by Thornton Wilder. Mr. O'Hara is dumping his documentation into a full bin.

We are told everything about Joseph B. Chapin from his psyche to his bank balance; he is thoroughly equipped with an ancestry, an economy, a sociology, a psychology, a biology. And yet he remains peculiarly faceless. What appalls us finally is the realization that Joe Chapin had no face to begin with. Mr. O'Hara has taken a nice nullity as his central character and meticulously traced his biography. The portrait, from womb to tomb, is framed with a rather full period-piece account of Chapin's parents and what is happening to his own son and daughter in our day. Thus, from the last decades of the nineteenth century up to the war year of 1945, we watch money being earned, political ambitions blighted, well-to-do members of the upper middle class becoming more well-to-do, losing fortunes in the Great Depression and then coming back with the war, Victorian repressions dropping off veil by veil, automobiles steadily improving, and the human machine going to pieces.

Mr. O'Hara knows what makes his characters tick, and in his dry, unsentimental way he makes you know it too. Concentrating on a group that does not face compelling economic decisions, the author traces out a full series of quests for personal happiness or fulfillment, peripheral to the life of his pathetic hero. For Joseph Chapin, who has everything, dies with a feeling that he has had nothing, and we feel that too. Inheriting a fortune, graduating from Yale, linked in marriage with another of Gibbsville's best families, this nice man spends his life as a highly respected member of the law firm of Chapin and McHenry. In his middle years Chapin suffers from belated political ambitions: He wants to emulate the career of F.D.R. Joe hates That Man in the White House, but like him hopes to use personal charm and an aristocratic background to surmount the lower rungs of the political ladder. Spurred by his wife, Chapin assiduously builds up a personal following in the state, and finally secures the promise of a professional politician, Mike Slattery, to help him secure the nomination for lieutenant governor. But all of Slattery's influence and the thousands of dollars Chapin has thrown into the party chest cannot prevent the asphyxiation of his ambitions in a smoke-filled room. The politicians simply cannot risk an amateur against the hard-hitting Roosevelt-led Democrats. When this political disillusion is succeeded by a late-flaring and impossible love affair, Chapin slowly commits suicide, drowning his liver and his life in ten years of silent, well-mannered drinking.

The Dead-Pan Manner

Chapin's immediate family is a familiar constellation in contemporary American fiction. The wife, Edith, is impelled in all her deeds and desires by a lust to possess. Inevitably, this feeling—stronger than love or hate—devours her husband and estranges her children. Between father and daughter there is that slightly incestuous love which is *de rigueur* in so many novels today. (Chapin's one-night mistress is his daughter's roommate.) Ann, the daughter, is one of those beautiful, sad figures in flight from Daddy's arms into too many other arms. The son rebels against Mamma's ownership and Chapin respectability by flunking out of college into jazz piano playing. Similar families and

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situations—even to the technique of flashbacks from a funeral—are found in William Styron's *Lie Down in Darkness* and Harvey Swados's *Out Went the Candle.* Such fixed constellations in the literary heavens tell us, I think, not that authors are copying from each other but that all of them are being attracted by dominant forces in their society.

Whether he is dealing with the Chapins, a small-town newspaper editor, Joe's likable law partner, the ruthlessly realistic Irish politician, a libertine district attorney, or any of numerous other swiftly drawn and immaculately characterized citizens of Gibbsville, John O'Hara preserves a dead-pan manner. He refuses to indulge in any emotional commitments. When on occasion the guard drops and a hint of his feeling does slip through, the scene by contrast is frequently touching. Gratefully then we realize that this author is not simply a recording machine; we know that he feels compassion for those who desire and are frustrated, and scorn for stuffed shirts and hypocrites. He is capable of real masculine tenderness in scenes between Joe and his lifelong law partner; and his admiration for the politician Slattery, fiercely loyal to wife and Republican Party machine, almost forces the author to abandon his habitual tone.

That tone is objectivity, matter-of-factness. With the few exceptions I have indicated, the novelist maintains it to the end. So efficiently indeed does he manage this that there is no suggestion in his writing of any human position having been taken, or even that there conceivably may be a position to take. Thus O'Hara, unlike his hero Hemingway, is not a sentimentalist in armor. This man has scarcely any manner at all. He strikes no poses; he just tries to be "true." The result is a toneless, superbly engineered document.

The Fact Barrier

I hazard the guess that aside from the infectious detachment of this method, Chapin's flights and falls fail to be as pathetic as they should be simply because the author has chosen an uninteresting man as his central character and given him to us straight. O'Hara, I suspect,

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subscribes to the theory that telling the unvarnished truth about uninteresting people somehow makes them interesting. It is undoubtedly true that Shakespeare could take any dullard of his parish and make him sing grand opera, but that is because Shakespeare had the song in him. Mr. O'Hara has f/32 pupils and a sound-tape ear, dramatic know-how, an accurate sense of where to cut and where to splice. The net result is a thick slice of life between covers. Between sheets also, one must say, since a number of such scenes, unflinchingly observed, are obligatory in this post-Kinsey epoch.

In human rather than technical terms, O'Hara's chief merit is the courage to look, without vertigo, deep down into people's emptiness. But we are more often impressed by his hi-fi art. Very few American novelists can reveal character so well by selective dialogue alone. Very few of them, especially males, are so aware of how much a man's way of dressing might yield us hints about his personality. O'Hara has wit, too, even if it is heavy. He is not taken in by masks of law or honor. He is not afraid to satirize such sacrosanct figures of American mythology as the small-town newspaper editor. And whatever he writes about—whether it be a country club, a political gathering, a girl in bed—you may be sure that Mr. O'Hara has been there. He knows what he writes about and only writes about what he knows. His mind examines his chosen terrain like an inquisitive tank and not like a jet plane; he never breaks through the fact barrier into the world of the imagination.

For example, consider the following passages:

". . . In 1909 to build a house beyond 19th Street was considered foolish because it was too far out, and a house on Lantenengo beyond 19th Street was not considered an important symbol. . . . A 1900 or 2000 Lantenengo Street address carried no more social prestige locally than a 1900 Park Avenue address in New York. . . ."

"Frederick Miller Koenig, as his name eventually appeared in the *Daybook*, the school annual, had gone to Kutztown Normal for two

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years, taught for two years for money to pay his college bills, graduated *cum laude* . . ."

Again and again Mr. O'Hara will deliver information of this kind with a string of sentences, real and graceless as freight cars clanking over a crossing.

Strangely enough, the author's ear, so deaf in its sociologizing, is marvelously sensitive to every nuance of American speech. Here is a snippet of sound tape:

" 'I'll bet you never even saw their house. When were you ever on North Frederick Street? I lived over in that part of town for a couple years. I went to school to William Street. Fourth and fifth grade. Maybe it was fifth and sixth. I know I went to fifth at William Street. Fifth I remember. I think I remember fifth because twice five. I was ten years old.' "

Adding Up Street Crossings

The great French poet Paul Valéry once declared that the writing of fiction was inconceivable to him because he could never bring himself to say that Madame la Contesse stepped from her carriage and crossed the street. Nine-tenths of our activity consists of various kinds of street crossings, and novelists like O'Hara confuse the quantitative and qualitative balances in living. The result is the arithmetic totaling of boring details rather than the differential calculus of transformed relations. Without transformation, facts remain facts, hard nuggets that are the same for everyone. You cannot recreate if the act of creation is finished once and for all. You can only multiply instances. But this the mind finds intolerable, a punishing hail. Art of this kind does not fundamentally alter our sense of living, does not create universes out of chaos.

It is interesting to consider the diverse effects the invention of photography has had on literature and painting. Painters were freed from the obligation of simple reproduction. Many writers, however, felt that now they were really being challenged to emulate the fidelity of the camera. Whereas much modern painting departed from the object toward various degrees of subjectivity, abstraction, or nonfiguration, a number of writers moved just in the opposite direction—closer and closer toward meticulous reproduction of the object. The author was exiled from his creation under the banner of objectivity. The objectivity of a Flaubert or Tolstoy—any of the great masters—is never a removal of the author, but rather his permeation through all the characters and events in so atomic a distribution that we find him nowhere and everywhere; he is god within his cosmos.

But this is an altogether different kind of objectivity from that practiced by O'Hara, or the average *New Yorker* magazine fact-is-a-fact school. In every true work of art, it seems to me, identifiable realities—the facts—are always bathed in a nimbus, like the peasant-girl Madonnas of Italian painting. They are real by reference and more than real by essence.

The fact-is-a-fact school, of course, severely eschews figurative language. Unlike our Southern Baroque boys who see symbols through the Spanish moss, the documentarians look at reality unadorned. Today it is fashionable to avoid figurative language. I do not recall a single metaphor or simile in all of Mr. O'Hara's 408 pages. Yet metaphor is one method whereby the artist may say: There is a white whale, but it is not simply a white whale; there is my wife knitting, but she is not only my wife knitting. Metaphor is a magical device: It permits you to make what is into what is not, to demolish space and time, to draw blazing silks from the black hat of Here and Now.

It is not the only method, of course. Hemingway achieves his magic with unembellished prose—but can anyone confuse his stylized dialogue, highly selective description, and evocative rhythms with mere documentation?

THE REAL TROUBLE with writers like O'Hara and many others of lesser skill but of the same school is that they confuse life and art; they believe that happenings on paper are not fundamentally different from happenings in the street; the novel is a vehicle for getting down more streets. But if that is all it is, if it is simply more life experience instead of a different kind of experience, why bother reading novels?

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A Chronicle Of Our Great Dissenters

GOUVERNEUR PAULDING

PROFILES IN COURAGE, by John F. Kennedy. *Harper. $3.50.*

It has seemed for some time now that there was this great subject, the American ideal, and that perhaps no voice could speak about it in our day with much hope of breaking, sharp and clear, through the unceasing gabble of self-praise and propaganda that is making us tone-deaf. Young Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts shows that controlled excitement, unsentimental emotion, and manifest earnestness will always be compelling. In *Profiles in Courage* he takes the word "courage" away from bullfights or wars, separates it—as it must be—from the word "reward," and shocks our lethargy into recognizing that we owe some of the most dramatic moments in American history to politicians brave enough—with the courage of the mind and the lonely conscience—to risk and in most instances to ruin their careers by dissenting from the passions of their constituents. If it accomplished no more than this, Senator Kennedy's book would be a much-needed tract for the times.

It goes much further, and it is not difficult to see at just what point it starts to go much further. It is where the heroes Senator Kennedy presents no longer obtain the reader's automatic and wholehearted acclaim. Up to that dividing line the book records achievement, and there can be no questioning the achievement. Beyond that line the book attains far greater importance—when questioning starts, self-questioning. In an admirably lucid preface and postscript Senator Kennedy underlines many of the questions we are compelled to ask once it has occurred to us that not all dissenters are safely dead.

AT FIRST one just says, "Yes." Yes, it was no doubt extraordinary and admirable that Senator John Quincy Adams, in 1807, should place the young nation ahead of the shipping and commercial interests of Massachusetts and support Jefferson's embargo that would ruin them. Yes, Senator Daniel Webster was brave and right when in 1850 he struggled to save the Union from civil war and earned the "So fallen! So lost!" of Whittier's "Ichabod." Senator Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri held his state from joining the Confederacy and lost his job. Governor Sam Houston failed to save Texas and was called a traitor. Yes, they were brave men true to principles that saved this nation.

WHEN the Civil War ended, hatred did not at once subside. Perhaps the loneliest, certainly the least remembered of Senator Kennedy's heroes prevented that hatred from destroying the Constitutional powers of the Executive. Senator Edmond G. Ross of Kansas "looked down into [his] open grave" and cast the decisive vote against Andrew Johnson's impeachment. He then disappeared from public life. Yes, it is a fine thing to remember him, as it is to recall that Senator Lucius Lamar of Mississippi, "known in the prewar days as one of the most rabid 'fire-eaters' ever to come out of the deep South" delivered a moving eulogy of Charles Sumner, who has been "the South's most implacable enemy." Senator Lamar too—the theme so far has been recurrent—stood for the Union.

After his profile of Lamar, Senator Kennedy comes to men close to our times—to Senator George W. Norris of Nebraska, to Senator Robert A. Taft of Ohio—and with them he crosses a line that marks the progress from a history book to one which, searching our conscience, is no longer content that we respond to it with simple Roman piety for the past, but demands that we make up our minds as to how we stand or should stand, here and now, toward dissenters from whom we, the living, dissent.

ARE WE to admire them all? Or are we to tolerate their lonely courage only when it is lonely enough? What of those who, in our sure conviction, stand not for the Union but against the nation itself?

These questions are not asked directly by Senator Kennedy. Certainly they are not suggested by his chapters on Senator Norris and Taft. Overnight, like a snowfall, time blankets the sharp edge of emotion. Norris—and that "little group of wilful men"—fought President Wilson and war. A second war has dulled that first one, and it is impossible now to feel the fury men felt then. Taft denounced the Nuremberg trials as an ex post facto outrage and a betrayal of Anglo-Saxon legal tradition. He chose a politically inopportune time to make this pronouncement. We can and do admire his courage on that occasion—particularly since it is too late to stand up with him and be counted. But Norris and Taft, who are thoroughly acceptable to us, lead us to think of men whom we cannot accept at all.

It is Senator Kennedy himself who compels us to ask the major question—ask and not answer it. When precisely is the proper moment to admire, applaud, and encourage truly radical opposition to what we ourselves hold the truth? When the questions are academic and the dissenters dead, or while the dissenters still live and the questions on which they dissent are the day's most urgent—the use of nuclear weapons for instance?

Senator Kennedy asks: "Must men conscientiously risk their careers only for principles which hindsight declares to be correct, in order for posterity to honor them for their valor? I think not." Of course he is right. Brave men do not wait upon destiny. But how should we greet their presence among us? That is the question. Perhaps it would be a good thing not to file it away for posterity to answer. Lacking the courage, we should have, if nothing more, the curiosity to acquire the answer now. It is within our power to provide it.

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WAGNER Siegfried Idyll **SMETANA** The Moldau —Academic Festival Overture

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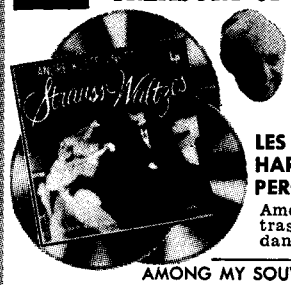

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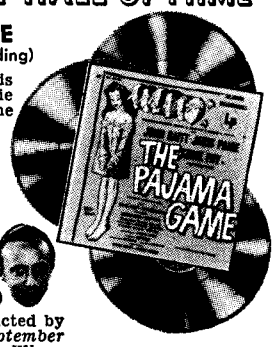

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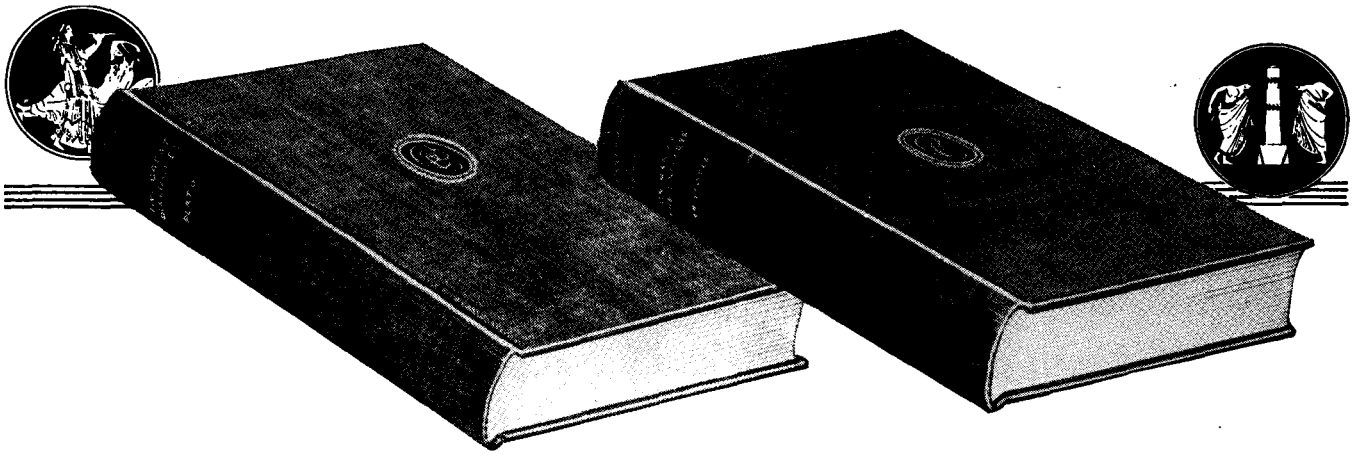

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